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teaching. But that is not the fault of the author. When theology usurps the chair of science a collision becomes inevitable, and the free right to independent research can be vindicated only by a line of argument which necessarily takes a somewhat polemical form. Thus a critical estimate of the cosmological theories of the Alexandrian monk Cosmas, "the first scientific geographer of Christendom," must needs abdicate its functions unless it points out that

"his topography is, above all, a work of theological interest. It is both destructive and constructive. It denies the roundness of the earth, as asserted by the leading Greek geographers and astronomers; it denies especially the existence of the antipodes or land inhabited by human beings beneath our feet; and it attacks the belief that the world can be suspended in mid-air, or in any sort of motion. On the other hand, it alleges and tries to prove a positive system of its own, which has become proverbial among the curiosities of literature and of thought. According to this, the universe was a flat parallelogram, its length exactly double of its breadth. In the centre of the universe lay our world, surrounded by the ocean. Beyond the ocean was another earth, where men lived before the Flood, and from which Noah came in the ark. To the north of our world was a great hill (an Indian conception) round which sun and moon revolved, thus causing day and night. The sky consisted of four walls, meeting in the dome of heaven, on the floor of which we live; and those walls were glued to the edges of the outer world of the patriarchs. Heaven, moreover, was cut in two by the firmament lying between our atmosphere and the paradise of God; below the firmament lived the angels, and above it were waters—the waters that be above the firmament."

Yet Cosmas before entering the cloister had been a trader and a traveller of sufficient note to have earned the by-name of "Indicopleustes," so that one asks in amazement, *Si sic in viridi quid in siccis?* But "the religious age of Christian travel was of necessity unprogressive and unproductive." The early pilgrims, inspired by religious emotion, had no eye for the physical surroundings, and in their peregrinations were attracted mainly towards sites famous in Biblical or Christian legend, or else went in quest of holy relics, which were treasured in proportion to their absurdity, and the supply of which ceased only with the demand. Thus broad geographical surveys, or even more modest topographical notes, are replaced by minute descriptions of such sites as the spot where the whale threw up Jonah, the shady oak beneath which Abraham entertained the angels, the dunghill on which Job received his comforters, the miraculous wells which healed broken limbs, expelled poison from the system, revealed secrets, and so forth. Then we have long and contradictory accounts of the finding of the holy rood, Solomon's amber ring, the earth of which Adam was made, the cup used at the Last Supper, the lance, reed and sponge, many nails and crowns of thorns, and the still liquid blood of John the Baptist brought back to Europe in a sea shell.

As this volume must necessarily become a standard work of reference on the subject of

which it treats, attention may here be called to a few misprints and to the generally defective spelling of Arabic names, for which the author has unfortunately followed the system of M. Stanislas Julien without adhering to it consistently. Thus the French scholar's *Abulfeda* usually becomes *Aboulfeda* instead of the proper English form *Abulfeda*. Then we have both *Haroun al Rashid* and *Haroun al Raschid* for *Harūn er-Rashid*; *Cairoan* for *Kairūdn*; *Djaber* for *Jabar*, and *dj* generally for *j*, the proper English transliteration of the Arabic letter *jim*. Misprints are: *Chaudragupta* for *Chandragupta* (p. 508); *tre parts for tre parti* (p. 391); *the younger for the elder Pliny* (p. 321); *from east to west for from west to east (ib.)*; and is it correct to say that "Iona, which had long been the capital of the Irish Church and its missions, was now passing under the obedience of Rome" (p. 131)? Surely Iona never was the "capital" of the Irish Church; and Romanists contend with some show of reason that it never was separated from communion with Rome. "Nos enim," writes Columbanus of Bobbio in a document still extant, "devincti sumus Cathedræ Petri."

WORDSWORTH AS PROSE-WRITER.

Prose Works of Wordsworth. Edited by William Knight. (Macmillan & Co.)

UNTIL Dr. Grosart published his edition, in 1876, the public hardly realised that Wordsworth had left a sufficient body of prose to be described by the title of "Works." Dr. Grosart's edition included not only the poet's letters, but those of his sister Dorothy. Mr. Knight has (we think wisely) reserved the letters for subsequent publication, and confined these two volumes to what might be regarded as independent and detachable prose. A few pieces which are ostensibly letters find place in these volumes. But they are really essays cast in epistolary form; and Mr. Knight has shown correct judgment in detaching them from the letters proper. He objects, justly enough, to Dr. Grosart's assigning of titles to some pieces which were not the poet's own, and to his inclusion of a letter by Prof. Wilson, without due notice in the body of the text that it was not by Wordsworth, but was only published to elucidate Wordsworth's answering letter. These minor errors are corrected in Mr. Knight's edition, which, moreover, contains prose writings of the poet not given by Dr. Grosart. This constitutes its independent value. For the rest, Mr. Knight confesses that some of the pieces (such as the "Letter to the Bishop of Landaff") are simply reprinted from Dr. Grosart. In the interval between the two editions, the MSS. from which Dr. Grosart drew have disappeared; so that to Dr. Grosart belongs the credit of having rescued from oblivion what, but for his timely enterprise, would have been lost to us. But there can be no doubt that Mr. Knight's additions and amendments make this edition an advance upon its predecessor.

These writings are very miscellaneous. They include, for example, a "Guide to the

Lake District," the most unconventional guide-book ever published. It is full of valuable information about the Lake District in Wordsworth's time, conveyed in a characteristically Wordsworthian, but by no means popular, manner. There are observations of incidental, but far from transitory, interest. But the best-written part of it, to our mind, is a journal of a tour through some part of the Lake country, which the editor, in a footnote, ascribes to Dorothy Wordsworth. It is observant, sensitive, at once clear, pictorial, and restrained in its style; but when Mr. Knight says that it was written by Dorothy he can hardly mean more than that Dorothy was the amanuensis employed by her brother. At any rate, one finds such an expression as "when I was a boy." It would have been better if the editor had explained himself more clearly in this and one or two other footnotes. The journal reads very unlike any woman's writing; and we cannot but suppose that Mr. Knight has been loose in his statement. In fact, the writing harmonises absolutely with the descriptive portions of the rest of the "Guide," and leaves an impression that Wordsworth was an admirable master of that manner of prose description which is contented with the just and sufficient epithet, without aiming at the magical epithet. This is characteristic of all Wordsworth's prose. Our own day has seen the rise of a school which in some degree effaces the formal barriers between poetry and prose; which endeavours not only after the right, but the thrillingly right word. It may be said that a contemporary and friend of Wordsworth commenced this innovation—namely De Quincey; but Wordsworth's own writing rigidly observes the distinction between prose and poetry.

Poets, it has been said, are always good prose-writers. From this rule it has been the fashion to except Wordsworth; and if there be any prose-writing of Wordsworth's, which all critics and editors (until late years) described as dull and undistinguished, that writing was emphatically the pamphlet on the *Convention of Cintra*—which, thanks to some muddle between De Quincey (who saw it through the press), Wordsworth, and a third person commissioned by Wordsworth with a special revision, appeared too late, and fell utterly flat. Mr. Knight, being a Wordsworthian, of course considers the *Convention of Cintra* a masterpiece, and appeals to the authority of Rogers, the banker who once passed for a poet. The truth is, that it has some really magnificent passages, full of a grave and lofty passion unmatched in Wordsworth's prose, though easily to be paralleled in his poetry. Manifestly, in this effusion, he took for models such seventeenth-century writers as Hooker, whom Mr. Ruskin also followed in *Modern Painters*. There is the same length and involution of sentence which we find in that early work of Ruskin; but there the resemblance ends. The austere Wordsworthian mind will admit no flowers of beauty; and the sentence-structure is managed with far inferior skill. It is cumbersome, unwieldy, elephantine: it has no power, like De Quincey's equally periodic style, of accommodating itself to the variations of its subject-matter. But when the

subject-matter comes into harmony with it when, with puffing and snorting, the ponderous organism has got itself into motion with a clear course before it, then, indeed; we have fine and sustained examples of antique and virile eloquence. Space will not serve for extracts, or we would gladly make them. But, when all is said, the most permanent value of Wordsworth's prose lies in the essays—prefatory or supplementary—which accompanied his poems, and are here brought together. His prose-style is rootedly abstract, and therefore shows at its worst in dealing with concrete subjects. But in philosophic criticism of poetic principles its austere abstraction becomes not only justified, but meritorious. In spite of the excessive and one-sided theories about "poetic diction," at which even Coleridge smiled, these essays are full of most original and invaluable statement of principles which can never be obsolete, in language which cleaves to its subject-matter like gold-leaf.

"Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For them the critics much confide in,"

said Byron. Whatever may be the confidence of critics, we say much more unhesitatingly, "Read all the prefaces of Wordsworth." They are stimulating, suggestive, concisely put: if you can think for yourself, they will help you to think.

OXFORD POLITICS.

Essays in Liberalism. By Six Oxford Men. (Cassell & Co.)

THE political condition of undergraduate Oxford has at last been deemed worthy of an exposition. In that ancient university politics have always been something more than a game to the generations of schoolboys who come thither to grow into manhood. Many look forward to a career where this interest will play some part, and many for the mere love of controversy muddle their brains with theories and their memories with statistics. At this special moment the subject has a unique importance, for Oxford, which has been obsessed by successive religious and art enthusiasms, is now in the bondage of a political interest; and the result is that there are many parties, all serious, all amusing, from the Tory High-Churchman, who languishes for the dear days of abuses, to the sturdy Fabian, whose scout is a man and a brother. These young gentlemen are diligent students of a multitude of newspapers; they learn to speak with fluency in the debates of the Union; in the various political clubs they condemn the deeds of their betters; and in the whole game find much healthy amusement and some solid benefit. But the politics of the undergraduate are fluid; the enthusiast who goes down a Socialist returns a hot Imperialist, and the undergraduate Jacobite becomes a graduate Radical. And this is well, for unless he has the good sense to see that, after all, he is an amateur, the political undergraduate is in danger of developing into the blameless prig.

The book before us is a protest against frivolity. It is a record of definite opinion,

the work, we are assured in the preface, of "six men who know their own minds." The proposal is bold, but it reads not unlike a confession of weakness. A careful study of the classics and history, a diligent reading of newspapers, a little dabbling in election campaigns, and an average of some twenty-five years of age—is this all that is necessary for a final and epoch-making statement of political principles? The tone of the proposal is modest, but its words have unconscious arrogance. For to crystallise one's opinions thus early, to explain the world by a formula at a time of life when it should seem inexplicable, savours of a narrow and pedantic mind. The bold assertion of eternal principles is an argument against the perspicacity, the historical wisdom of the writers. Let them talk of eternal principles as they like in electioneering and platform-speaking; but when it comes to a statement in print, opportunism of a kind is the more promising attitude. Certainty, to be sure, is natural to youth, but certainty should stop short of the doctrinaire.

Yet when we turn to the essays themselves we find a singular amount of modesty and good sense. Mr. Belloc's contribution to the Liberal basis is a theory of universal moral sentiments, particularly the sentiment for property, which, when worked out, stands in strange relation to the Manchesterian economics of the essay following. Mr. Belloc's work, though clever and full of a certain crude eloquence, strikes us as confused and rather hysterical. We should point out that such phrases as "alien extraneous authority," "imitative emulous vigour" are scarcely elegant, while "the obscene tyranny of Stambuloff" and "Mr. Bloggs of Smokeville" are ostentatiously undergraduate. However, Mr. Belloc was part-author of a book called *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*, and as such deserves a statue in the market-place. Mr. Hirst's paper on "Liberalism and Wealth" is a sane and vigorous piece of argument in defence of the accepted doctrines of economists against the attacks of Collectivism. His criticism of Mr. Williams's "Made in Germany" is clever, though he brings to the discussion an exaggerated scorn. Sometimes he strives to joke, and he will perhaps excuse us if we do not always find him successful. After his ponderous sentences a sudden friskiness leaves a painful impression of mountains leaping like rams. For the next essay, Mr. Simon's, on "Liberalism and Labour," we have little but praise. It is a clear and temperate exposition of the reasonable attitude in the matter. A love for alliteration (useful in Union debates, but scarcely in place in an essay), such as his account of "politicians who use Principles (with a big P) in the manufacture not of policy but of perorations," is his one fault; and such an admirable description of a certain party as "those who would fain create for themselves a vested interest in the purer emotions," makes us laugh in spite of ourselves. Mr. Phillimore's essay on "Liberalism and Foreign Policy" is full of good things, and we gladly support his defence of nationalism and his belief in a healthy military spirit. He is something of a phrase-maker,

and is happy in such efforts as "the commercial traveller turned knight-errant" and "militant finance." But his style, for all its vigour, strikes us as singularly distorted and awkward. We do not wish to be impolite to Mr. Phillimore, who, we are willing to believe, is a scholar of distinction, but his essay gives the impression of a cultured foreigner—say, an intelligent Basque—in his early efforts with the English tongue. For the other two, Mr. Hammond treats of Education in a tone of high-principled virtue; and Mr. Macdonell writes a clear and judicious summary of the history of Liberalism in the last two centuries.

What, then, is the aim of the book as a whole? The establishment of a number of principles which are to be the basis of a party which has hitherto squandered its energies on details. The principles are stated; a clear position is taken up against Collectivism; but do the authors really define their attitude as against Conservatism? It is to be remembered that such principles are quite distinct from the hand-to-mouth policy of each party—such are the words of the essayists themselves. But it seems perfectly clear that all thinking Conservatives at the present day would accept this list of dogmas, with the possible exception of the one which declares for the publicity of diplomatic procedure. In the present state of affairs, when a hair divides the ultimate aims of the two parties, it is somewhat strange to find such principles claimed for Liberalism alone. It may be that they are more identified with historic Liberalism, but this does not change the fact of the present dual ownership. They are the foundation of a moderate and constitutional party, as opposed to the exponents of abstract social ideals. If the book is in any way typical of the younger Oxford we welcome it gladly, for the whole spirit of the essays is manly, generous, and honest.

THE RIDDLE OF EXISTENCE.

Guesses at the Riddle of Existence. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. (Macmillan & Co.)

This is a very interesting but pathetic book. That a man of so strong and energetic a nature should have felt himself forced, towards the end of a long life, to abandon one after another religious convictions and doctrines which had given him comfort and support in earlier days, cannot but inspire a feeling of pity, however much we may admire the vigorous sincerity thereby manifested. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum* is a saying which may now frequently be used in the sense here given to it. For one conspicuous theological athlete, how many inconspicuous disciples have silently pursued the path which this book would assure us has sooner or later to be followed!

"There is no longer any use," he tells us in his preface, "in clinging to the untenable or in shutting our eyes to that which cannot be honestly denied. . . . The spirit in which these pages are penned is not that of Agnosticism, if Agnosticism imports despair of spiritual truth, but that of free and hopeful inquiry,

the way for which it is necessary to clear by removing the wreck of that upon which we can found our faith no more."

His small volume of 244 pages is divided into five essays. The first—which bears the same title as the volume containing it—is a reprint of what was before published in America. It is a criticism of the late Prof. Drummond, Mr. Kidd, and Mr. Balfour, for the most part well justified. But we note with surprise that the author considers as religious difficulties the small size of our planet and the fact that we have but five senses.

To Prof. Drummond's attempt to console us for life's sufferings by saying "without this vigorous weeding of the imperfect the progress of the world would not have been possible," he quietly remarks, "Pleasant reading this for 'the imperfect'!" and he justly derides his mistaken view of evolution (which ignores its effects in degradation) as also his representation that the one cause of all love was the birth of a child; before which "man's affection was non-existent, and woman's was frozen"!

To Mr. Kidd's representation that progress is due to the presence of a non-rational sanction (by which he means belief in religion) for conduct, our author asks, as he well may, what does Mr. Kidd mean by reason, and then makes short work of his whole contention.

In his second article, "The Church and the Old Testament," Dr. Smith, of course, accepts the teaching of the "Higher Criticism," the main points of which hardly any educated man interested in the subject has failed to do. His own verdict he thus expresses (p. 93):

"That which is not a supernatural revelation may still, so far as it is good, be a manifestation of the Divine. As a manifestation of the Divine the Hebrew books, teaching righteousness and purity, may keep their place in our love and admiration for ever; while of their tribalism, their intolerance, their religious cruelty, we for ever take our leave. The time has surely come when as a supernatural revelation they should be frankly, though reverently, laid aside, and no more allowed to cloud the vision of free inquiry or to cast the shadow of primeval religion and law over our modern life. It surely is useless and paltering with the truth to set up, like the writer in *Lux Mundi*, and other rationalistic apologists, the figment of a semi-inspiration. An inspiration which errs, which contradicts itself, which dictates manifest incredibilities, such as the stopping of the sun, Balaam's speaking ass, Elisha's avenging bears, or the transformation of Nebuchadnezzar, is no inspiration at all."

He ends by declaring that in these troublous times the storm-centre seems to be in the region of religion.

His third paper, "Is there another life?" is not to us very interesting or important; but he makes some good remarks on the folly of seeing consolation for individual annihilation in the impersonal immortality put forward by Positivism.

"This immortality," he says (p. 116-125), "is not only imperfect, it is unconscious. . . . The sufferers of the past, at all events, derived no comfort amidst famine, plague, massacre, and torture from these theories of an 'ideal life,' of a 'Religion of Humanity.' . . . A selfish tyrant like Louis XIV. would, on this

supposition, at least while his fortune lasted, have been of all men the happiest."

All the consolation Mr. Smith has to offer us is the conceivability that goodness may be prized by the soul of the Universe, if the Universe has a soul, as capable of union with itself, and that we may thus transcend the limits of our being here and now.

The fourth article, devoted to a consideration of "The Miraculous Element in Christianity," is, as might be expected, an attempt to save the morality of the Christian religion while rejecting all evidence for it as a supernatural revelation, and very expressly and in detail that of the Resurrection. But his rejection of the Incarnation is again largely based on the small size of the earth, which he thinks (p. 166) makes it "hardly possible to imagine a Being who fills eternity and infinity becoming an embryo in the womb of a Jewish maiden." He twice speaks of Christ's "immaculate conception," not seeming to comprehend how inadequate that designation is to denote the Greek, Catholic, and Anglican doctrine on that subject, and that it need not imply the non-concurrence of a human father in such an act of conception. He also thinks that the Incarnation would have been purposeless apart from any "original sin," quite ignoring the contrary teaching of very High Church authorities. In his last essay, "Morality and Theism," he gives vent to earnest, Cassandra-like notes of warning as to the ethical consequences of the present rapid decay of religious belief. At its commencement he cites the wise words of Leslie Stephen (in his *Science of Ethics*), affirming that, in this world at least, "there is no absolute coincidence between virtue and happiness," frankly owning he cannot prove "that it is always prudent to act rightly, or that it is always happiest to be virtuous," and recognising that some men are "capable of intense pleasure from purely sensual gratifications." His own conclusion appears to be that an "ethical interregnum" is before us, and the moral prospects of the twentieth century are not encouraging.

He passes in review some attempts to construct a religion without a God, such as Positivism, Spiritualism, and Prof. Seeley's "Cosmic emotion," deducing small comfort from any one of them, and he concludes in favour of a combined sense of the mystery of existence and of the large size of the universe. This combination, he declares (in words which conclude the volume), is likely, "rather than Cosmic emotion, worship of humanity, or any other substitutes for theism, to take possession of the human mind if the belief in a God is withdrawn." But size is relative, and we can ideally reduce the universe to the dimensions of a mustard seed, while the "plain man," the "persistent voluptuary," and the eager pursuer of wealth, are usually little troubled about either the "mystery of existence" or the dimensions of the Cosmos.

We cannot find in his works, as a whole, much of that "hopeful inquiry" spoken of in the first essay, and we fear that if nothing better can be suggested, before the present age expires, we must leave the twentieth century to take care of itself.

BEAUTY AND ART.

Beauty and Art. By Aldam Heaton. (W. Heinemann.)

A COLLECTION of five miscellaneous—very miscellaneous—papers by Mr. Aldam Heaton on matters of art and furnishing has been issued in a volume called *Beauty and Art*. As a prefatory note informs the reader that the essay which stands first in order was written many years ago, one would prefer in charity to believe that the title-page was designed at some even remoter period, before book decoration became a serious study among us. The page in question exhibits a villainous fashion of fancy lettering made up of oblique lines without outline, the words of the title itself being arched in the form of a bow; and also a would-be realistic representation of a blue gentian, about the crudest and most pernicious instance of colouring known in nature. This flower, indeed, is depicted not without object; the author purporting to prove that even where nature at first sight seems to employ the most violent colours, it will be found on analysis that the method of gradation and contrast is adopted instead. True enough; but a title-page is not the place for a didactic diagram. Mr. Heaton's work begins with an essay on "Taste," in which he shows that to talk of "bad taste" is a contradiction in terms. Taste being the faculty of discrimination, where no discrimination is made, no taste, good, bad, or indifferent exists, but the counterfeit substitute for it, which can only be described as false taste. The writer discusses the chief elements of the corruption of national taste, and attributes them first and foremost to French sources—an ascription which, though doubtless correct, will be a surprise to the many who have been in the habit of looking up to the French as our leaders and guides in such matters. The fact is, our neighbours are expert archaeologists; and combining as they do an innate deftness of manipulation with their acquired knowledge of style, they are unrivalled as reproducers, but do more than copy they cannot. When it is an affair of originating, their inferiority is apparent. If it be true, as has been said, that a nation must be in earnest at any rate in the memorials it provides for its dead, then an infallible test may be found by anybody who takes the trouble to visit the statuary shops leading to Père la Chaise. Should that test fail to convince him of the degraded condition of French art, then a man must be altogether blind to the evidence of his own eyes. Again, the author has the discrimination to perceive, and the courage to expose, the shallowness and the limitations of Japanese art—courage, because his view of the case is by no means popular, even among artists and connoisseurs, at the present day. However, he goes to the root of the matter when he says that among ourselves—nay, in the whole continent of Europe—no man is said to *draw* who is without training in the accurate delineation of the noblest of all forms—the human figure, and has not attained to a knowledge of perspective such as would enable him to depict the interior, say, of a cathedral,

"with arcades and vaultings in many planes.

Now a Japanese artist never under any circumstances does such things as these, and from what one sees of his work one may say with confidence that he is unable to do so. . . . You may search in vain," continues Mr. Heaton, "from the time that Sir Rutherford Alcock first brought Japanese work to this country, and never find a Japanese design which could be called well-balanced, and which readily arrived at a good repeat."

Mr. Heaton is right in his proposition that "whatever work of man's is thoroughly fine and noble in the world must always have been only a trifling advance upon a previous success"; right in deploring the absence of tradition among us, and in attributing to that fact the present chaotic condition of the arts. He is right, moreover, in the immense importance he attaches to architecture and to the architectural profession. After this it is with no slight sense of disappointment that one finds Mr. Heaton objecting to our old English furniture which continued to be made up to the middle of the last century on the ground that it was "architectonic"—its only merit, in fact—and, on the other hand, lauding the adaptations of Jones, Copeland, and the rest, which, as he frankly admits, are "not in any sense a development from the English furniture of Queen Elizabeth and the Stuarts," but imported from the corrupt and extravagant fashions of the Court of Louis Quatorze.

Moreover, one may reasonably take exception to the writer's arbitrary classification of conventional patterning, decorative art and fine art, as in an ascending scale. The distinctions he tries to draw are both artificial and unconvincing. Among objects which have any just claim to be regarded as works of art at all there is no essential difference in kind, but in degree only, and of the medium and material employed in any given case. It is rather a shock to meet with the recommendation to make for oneself a dado of imitation panels "formed by moulded laths, glued and bradded" on the wall. Neither, again, does that which Mr. Heaton proposes as a good, useful colour for painting a room, "something between bricks and leather," sound attractive. He is certainly mistaken in locating Sir Joshua Reynolds's sorry experiment in window-glass in King's or any other chapel in Cambridge. The American visitor would be able to put him right on this point, and to inform him that the glass in question is at New College, Oxford. And surely it is rash to assume that everybody knows the Cypromorpho by name. That it is a beautiful metallic butterfly from South America will be news at any rate to some people.

EARLY HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Domesday Book and Beyond: Three Essays in the Early History of England. By Prof. Frederic William Maitland, LL.D. (Cambridge University Press.)

THIS is one of the rare books which are the fine flower of scholarship, a book of learning without pedantry, the excursion of a born investigator, moving liberally in an ample field, occupied in the selection of the

really significant from a mass of innumerable details, and in the applying, testing, and rejecting of principles whereby incoherent knowledge may be transformed into an ordered whole. The three essays of which it is composed all deal with fragments of the same extensive problem; they are a contribution towards determining the structure of English society as it existed in the period immediately following the Saxon settlement, and the process of development by which it passed into the society of the eleventh century. It is a problem the very conditions of which are only slowly beginning to be understood. The first school-book one takes up will talk glibly of *allodial tenure* and of *commendation*; but the compiler thereof may charitably be supposed to know that these convenient terms in reality serve to cover a waste of admitted ignorance and rash hypothesis. If he does not know it, let him devote himself to the perusal of Prof. Maitland's luminous discussion. With the England of the eleventh century we are comparatively familiar. We have, of course, learned not to speak of "the feudal system"; there was no feudal system common and ubiquitous. But the conceptions of the English tenure by service, of the English manor and the English villainage, in their main outlines at least, are by this time fairly well established. But if we ask how these institutions came into being, what they replaced, and why they replaced it, we find ourselves at once in a world of disputed and contradictory conjectures. There is, in fact, no direct evidence on which to base an answer—we have to infer and indirectly reconstruct a civilisation from the records and landmarks of its decay. To get at the early Saxon land-tenures we have to work back from the land books or cartularies of the seventh and eighth centuries, and the Domesday Book of the eleventh. And the difficulties in the way are immense.

The documents before us were not written for the purpose of giving us information—the cartularies are the early title-deeds of monasteries; Domesday Book is a collection of statistics made as the basis for an assessment of taxes. Moreover, the facts of Domesday Book require complete re-arrangement to be of any service to us, and the cartularies are more than half of them under suspicion of being forgeries. It is another pitfall that we do not really understand the modes of thought of their writers. They use technical terms which had an earlier and a later history: how are we to avoid reading either the Roman or the mediæval implication into them? What precisely did the expressions "a free man" or "ownership" convey to the mind of the eighth century? We do not know. It is not even certain whether the land-unit of Domesday Book, the "hide," contained some 120 of our modern acres or only thirty. Once more, we must allow for local differences. We have no right to assume that there was ever an absolutely uniform system of land-tenure and land-cultivation over the whole of the country. Prof. Maitland shows us, by the aid of the modern ordnance map, that, whereas Devon and Somerset were a land of small scattered

hamlets, Oxfordshire and Berkshire were a land of large villages standing in open fields.

It follows, then, that although Prof. Maitland's aim is constructive, his method is necessarily critical. It is all pioneer-work, groping in the dark, and, as he says, when you are groping in the dark you are sure to knock up against some of your fellow explorers. But too much praise cannot be given to the temper in which Prof. Maitland has entered upon his delicate task. He is as cautious as a scout and scrupulously unprejudiced: walking upon most debatable ground, he conducts his expedition without any of the usual acerbities of polemic. Such conclusions as he arrives at are admittedly partial and tentative, subject to revision and qualification. To the size of the hide he devotes an entire essay, and though inclining to the type of 120 acres, holds his judgment in suspense to the last. In discussing the theories of Anglo-Saxon land-tenure, he rejects that which would make the manor or vill the direct descendant of the Roman *villa*; he rejects the conception of a collectivist village community holding its lands in common ownership and periodically redistributing them, and inclines to that of the village as a group of free peasant-proprietors, each holding his strips of land in severalty. No one cause must be invoked to explain how this group of freemen was converted into the manor dependent upon its lord of the feudal centuries: nor must we assume that the change was of the nature of a cataclysm. As elements in the process, Prof. Maitland lays stress, firstly, on the necessity for a single well-recognised fiscal unit on which taxes could be levied; secondly, on the habit of granting to ecclesiastical bodies, for the sake of the king's soul, quasi-royal *dominium* within defined localities; thirdly, on the granting to corporations or to powerful individuals of the profits of jurisdiction within similar areas. In any case the process was a slow one, and had many phases and many variations at present dark to us.

STORIES OF THE NATIONS.

"THE STORY OF THE NATIONS."—*Canada*.
By J. G. Bourinot. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE present volume fully maintains the generally high standard of merit reached by the series. It was obviously fitting that the story of Canada should be told by a Canadian writer, and Mr. Bourinot has shown himself well qualified for the task. Within a moderate compass he has given a clear and concise view of the history of his country from its first discovery. At the same time his narrative is far from being a mere dry summary of facts. With all the limitations necessitated by the scale of the book he has managed to bring into prominence many of the picturesque and romantic episodes of which Canadian history is full, especially in its earlier portions. For the period of the French dominion our author has naturally mainly followed in the tracks of the brilliant American historian of *France in the New World*, who fortunately was able to complete his work before his untimely death.

When Mr. Parkman's guidance failed him his chief authority down to the war of 1812 was the elaborate history of Mr. Kingsford. Mr. Bourinot refers to the last-mentioned writer's volume on the war as being "especially valuable," and in many ways it is so. It is, however, unfortunately disfigured by a most excessive and regrettable bitterness with regard to the United States, and a disposition to stir up old sores which it is to be hoped is not general in Canada. In justice to our author, it must be said that his chapter on the war is commendably free from these defects.

For the period from 1815 down to the present time Mr. Bourinot has had to draw on more varied and miscellaneous sources, and he has certainly made a good use of his materials.

It is a remarkable fact that the French Canadians have retained their language without any degeneration, and in some rural districts the common speech of the people almost exactly reproduces that of France in the seventeenth century. In this respect they present a very marked contrast to a people in many ways resembling them, the Dutch Boers of South Africa, whose speech has undergone a most extraordinary transformation and degradation. It would be an interesting task to inquire into what causes have brought about such different results in cases so apparently similar.

"THE STORY OF THE NATIONS."—*British India*. By R. W. Frazer, LL.B., I.C.S. (Fisher Unwin.)

MR. FRAZER begins his story quite at the beginning, with the days of Solomon, and concludes it with a reasoned survey of the conditions of the present day and the outlook for the future. It is a wonderful story, and it is written fittingly, in a spirit of grave historical accuracy, with balanced judgment, and with a strong faith. His attention, he tells us, has been centred rather upon the main factors which led to the foundation and extension of British empire in India than to mere details of military operations or of administration. But while he has adhered to this large purpose, he is never vague, nor does he fail to handle dramatically many of the more stirring episodes which claim a place in any history of the Indian Empire. One rises from the book with an added sense of dignity, with an added sense of responsibility, with a quickened consciousness, too, of the terrible possibilities which surround the situation. "England's mission," declares this grave Civil servant, "has as yet hardly commenced." "It is to be hoped," he writes elsewhere, after describing the military dispositions upon which the preservation of internal security depends, "that in the future no efforts will be spared for the necessary extension of similar defences and the construction of like harbours of refuge." Meanwhile, "the problem of defence against any possible attack from the north-west or east still occupies the earnest attention of Government." The book is a worthy addition to the series in which it figures, and the more it is read the better.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Romantic Richmondshire. By Harry Speight. (Elliot Stock.)

MR. SPEIGHT has already described the Craven and Nidderdale districts of Yorkshire. In Richmondshire he has a finer subject, and he brings to it the same enthusiasm of observation and research which distinguished his earlier books. There was room, moreover, for this work. Whitaker's *History*, published in 1822, and illustrated by Turner, is costly and, when obtained, inaccurate. Clarkson's and Longstaffe's works are equally rare and are both out of date. Mr. Speight has a happy versatility. He can write with confidence on the history, topography, geology, ecclesiastical antiquities, and ancient customs of these romantic districts in which he has spent his life. Starting from Richmond, that imperial little town on the Swale, which Mr. Swinburne has compared with Toledo, not to Toledo's advantage, Mr. Speight takes us from stone-walled village to village, through deep river-side woods, over heathery moors, by old coach roads and old Roman roads, past mansions and abbeys and ruined castles, till we exchange Richmond for Middleham, "the ancient capital of Wensleydale," the home of the Nevilles. And his talk is of everything local, from instances of longevity to the achievements of race horses, and from "finds" of iron ornaments of the Viking age to the haunts of the peregrine falcon. Much folk-lore, much family history, and many a streak of native humour lend variety to the pages, which are abundantly illustrated. One scrap of Mr. Speight's lore presses rather hard on Cockney pride. It is to the effect that the song of the "Lass of Richmond Hill" has no connexion with the Richmond to which lovers walk from Kew. It is quite settled that the heroine was Miss Fanny P'Anson, sister to Mr. Thomas P'Anson, who was Mayor of Richmond (Mr. Speight's Richmond) in 1780. But the author of the song, who was also her husband, and whose name was Leonard MacNally, was actually a Londoner. He was a King's Bench solicitor, and lived in Bedford Row, when that dull, straight street was fashionable, and received at its northern end the breezes from Highgate.

The Lives of the Saints. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. New Edition. Vol. I. (John C. Nimmo.)

THE present edition of Mr. Baring-Gould's excellent compilation is to be completed in sixteen volumes, which will be issued monthly. The first edition was contained in one volume less, and was issued at intervals from 1872 to 1877. In his preface to that edition Mr. Baring-Gould dwelt on the magnitude of an attempt to set forth, even briefly, the lives of the saints. He had, in fact, to choose between the two courses of giving an outline, bare of detail, of the life of every saint, and of omitting the less important lives altogether. He adopted the latter plan, which holds good, of course, in the present edition. But with

an exception: Mr. Gould has been struck by the need there is of a more general knowledge of saints who lived in the British islands, and he has accordingly added lives of certain Welsh, Cornish, and English saints whom he had not included in his work. Mr. Baring-Gould's general plan has been to give within the limits imposed by brevity an anecdotal and humanly interesting sketch of each saint. In defence of this plan, he says: "It is the little details of a man's life that give it character, and impress themselves on the memory. People forget the age and parentage of St. Gertrude, but they remember the mouse running up her staff."

The Book of Humbug. By C. J. Willdey. (Skeffington.)

IN order effectually to lash the follies of the age it is not enough that a man should have an attack of the spleen. Mere ill-temper, a frown, and a curl of the lip will not suffice. The equipment of the sufficient satirist comprises also such qualities as discrimination, a sense of humour, and a polished literary style. Of these Mr. Willdey possesses but a slender measure, if one should not rather say that he is quite destitute of them all; and his book, therefore, instead of exciting indignation and admiration (indignation against the shams he imagines himself pitilessly to lay bare, and admiration for the courage and brilliancy which he brings to his task) fills us with weariness. Only by a more than usually brutal attack upon some taste which should be criticised gravely, our boredom sometimes is turned to wrath. For example, it is quite competent to Mr. Willdey to prefer Frith's "Derby Day" to "Beata Beatrix," but he is not therefore to be excused for writing of Rossetti's lovely picture in the terms that he employs.

The Story of the African Crisis. By F. E. Garrett. (Archibald Constable & Co.)

MR. F. E. GARRETT, who is the editor of the *Cape Times*, was only just in time in publishing his book on the crisis brought about by the grievances of the Uitlanders and Dr. Jameson's raid into the Transvaal. The South African Committee, which is now sitting, is crossing the t's and dotting the i's of many things to which Mr. Garrett is forced in his book to deal with speculatively. The work was originally intended for the South African public, but the present edition is for English readers, and is prepared with an introduction dealing specially with the House of Commons's inquiry. Mr. Garrett had the great advantage of being on the spot at the Cape, of knowing most of the actors in the great drama, and of getting his news on the subject first hand. He, therefore, did not work under the difficulties which a writer in England would experience in dealing with the same series of events. But, still, though he had the Jameson trial, the trial of the Reformers, the report of the Cape Select Committee, and a mass of Blue Books and Green Books to go upon, his account must be by no means taken as final. Since Mr. Garrett wrote Mr. Rhodes has given his evidence, and many points before

obscure are now cleared up. This process is going on week by week, and so the book must be read side by side with the evidence given before the Committee. The story of the crisis is written in that hysterio-historical style which we have learned to expect from those of the school in which Mr. Garrett was trained.

The Months: Descriptive of the Successive Beauties of the Year. By Leigh Hunt, with Biographical Introduction by William Andrews. (William Andrews & Co.)

A NICKNAME is never forgotten, and we have therefore no right to be surprised at Mrs. Southey's (Caroline Bowles) comment on *The Months*: "A beautiful like work, though the author sometimes betrays the cloven foot of cockneyism." On another passage she remarks, most impatiently, "He knows no more of a flower-garden than what he has acquired from nursing up half-a-dozen flower-pots in a London balcony." But the truth is that Hunt's genuine nature-worship was suburban rather than cockneyfied, and suburbs were "the country" when he knew them. He did not despise the city flower-pot or a nosegay on the breakfast table; but he was most at home in the fields and lanes with the smell of spring in the air, and probably some well-thumbed volume of the poets on his knee. Hedges and cultivation did not disturb his enjoyment, and the simplest beauties gave him delight: "Belle et douce marguerite, aimable sœur du roi king-eup, we would tilt for thee with a hundred pens, against the stoutest poet that did not find perfection in thy cheek." His aim is to diffuse happiness through an appreciation of beauty, and to "herald the union of the two best things in the world—the love of nature and the love of each other."

Secrets of the Courts of Europe. By Allen Upward. (Arrowsmith.)

THESE stories profess to give the real inwardness of certain notable events in recent European history: the fall of Bismarck, for instance, the resignation of MacMahon, the purchase of the Suez Canal shares by Disraeli. They are, of course, purely fictitious, although they seem to aim at the attractions of a *roman à clef*. They are put in the mouth of an incredible diplomatist conceived by Mr. Upward as a garrulous old gentleman who leers at the mention of a petticoat and cheats at chess. He would, of course, have been kicked out of any Court in Europe. Some of Mr. Upward's observations are calculated to drive a reader to the verge of imbecility. "It was my good fortune," says His Excellency, "to be honoured with the particular confidence of Pio Nono, for it is by that name that Pius IX. was universally known in his lifetime." By what name would Mr. Upward have him be known? But as the point of the book consists in inventing perfectly gratuitous scandal and attaching it to the names of living people it is only fair to say that the puerility of the proceeding sinks into insignificance beside its bad taste.

FICTION.

Lads' Love. By S. R. Crockett. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

WHEN a writer has attained to the position enjoyed by Mr. Crockett he loses the right to claim indulgence at the hands of the critic; as he wins success so must his work be submitted to an examination proportionately more severe. Judging *Lads' Love*, therefore, by a high standard, we are compelled to discern, in the midst of much that is tender and touching, a certain crudity and want of finish which impel us to suspect that it has been produced with greater speed than a just regard for his art should have permitted. There is a certain looseness in the construction of the story; the characterisation is sometimes weak, as though consistency had been sacrificed to make way for an incident; and these are just the faults of a ready writer "scribing" for a too willing and an uncritical public. But when all is said and done, the tale is full of the kind of charm which Mr. Crockett's admirers expect. A youth of the artistic temperament is the hero, and there are three fair damsels, daughters of the soil. Of these the youngest, the Hempie, wears her skirts too short to be really interesting, though she is very fond of Alec, and they are accustomed to sit together upon opposite sides of the Wishing Well, throwing stones and turf at each other; "this we did because we despised love—or at least the silly kind which requires the sheltered and sequestered corners of orchards for its manifestation." But it was to Nance, the eldest, that Alec's heart was turned; and where he narrates the midnight intrusion of his hero into the society of the three sisters, and the audacious pertinacity which won him three kisses and his wager, Mr. Crockett is at his best. "If ye kiss as well as ye court, ye may try me wi' twa; and if I like them no that ill, I'll see if I canna gi'e ye the last back again, just to be rid o' ye"—this is Nance's pretty word of surrender. The Hempie becomes the guardian-angel of their loves, watching over Nance while Alec is studying at the medical school of Edinburgh, and guarding her against the machinations of the rich rascal Nathan, and from the beguilements of other lads. The connexion between this slender tale and the fates of Rab An'erson with his offspring, the De'il and the Hoolet, supplies occasion to a seduction, a marriage contract made valid by the presence of three witnesses of whom the parties were not aware, a poaching expedition and other melodramatic incidents, including an attempt at murder, not wholly ineffective, with the subsequent inquest and the appearance of the heroine equipped with a fancy dress and an Irish brogue. Some of the illustrations by Mr. Warwick Goble are dainty and clever; but, in spite of the picture which is placed opposite to p. 196, we are not yet convinced that ten feet is the most convenient distance from which to salute a lady's hand.

Quo Vadis: A Narrative of the Time of Nero. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. (Dent.)

WE understand that *Quo Vadis* divides the suffrages of American novel-readers with Mr. Stimson's *King Neanett*. Henryk Sienkiewicz is a Pole who has already written a striking trilogy on the rise of the Slavonic power in Eastern Europe. The present novel deals with even more momentous *origines*, the spread of Christianity in the Rome of Nero. It has many of the normal qualities of Slavonic fiction, a certain rude vigour of conception and picturesque power over masses of detail, and a certain incapacity to discriminate or to use detail as the background for a plot of vital unity. The hero is a preterian tribune, Vinicius by name, who becomes a Christian for love of the barbarian girl Lygia. But this love and this conversion leave us cold. Vinicius and Lygia fail to dominate their environment: as in so many an academic picture, human interest is smothered in archaeology. Mr. Curtin rightly describes the book as a series of "opening scenes in the conflict of moral ideas with the Roman Empire." A series of scenes, not a novel. But the archaeology, as such, is admirable. To the resources of an exhaustive and minute erudition the author adds a power of imagination which enables him to shape his lore into vivid and convincing descriptions. Impressed alike by the unexampled splendour and the unexampled corruption of Imperial Rome, he leads before us a pageant of gorgeous scenes: a morning bath, a banquet at Cæsar's palace, a revel at the Pool of Agrippa, Cæsar on a journey, Cæsar declaiming his verses at the burning of Rome, martyrdoms of Christians in the amphitheatre, the *Sarmentitii* in the gardens. Of the portraits which Herr Sienkiewicz essays the most successful are those of Petronius, the *arbiter elegantiarum*, distinguished among the obscene Neronian rabble not by any higher morality, but by the natural superiority of wit, good nature, and good taste; and Nero himself, the bloated Ahenobarbus, the histrian emperor:

"He wore a white tunic, and a toga of amethyst colour, which cast a bluish tinge on his face. On his head was a laurel wreath. Since his departure from Naples he had increased notably in body. His face had grown wide; under his lower jaw hung a double chin, by which his mouth, always too near his nose, seemed to touch his nostrils. His bulky neck was protected, as usual, by a silk handkerchief, which he arranged from moment to moment with a white and fat hand grown over with red hair, forming as it were bloody stains, which he would not permit the epilatores to pluck, since he had been told that to do so would bring trembling of the fingers and injure his lute-playing. Measureless vanity was depicted then, as at all times, on his face, together with tedium and suffering. On the whole, it was a face both terrible and silly. While advancing, he turned his head from side to side, blinking at times, and listening carefully to the manner in which the multitude greeted him."

With the Christians Herr Sienkiewicz is less successful. His Asiatic manner is not adequate to make us feel the peace of the

early Church as we feel it, for instance, in Marius the Epicurean. Peter and Paul, speaking Scriptural things which to a modern ear must inevitably sound like formulas, are only puppets. And therefore the contrast, which is the essence of the book as conceived, is not really attained: the one side is living, the other conventional.

Wilt Thou Have This Woman? By J. Maclaren Cobban. (Methuen.)

MR. COBBAN is some time getting under weigh with his story. But when the preliminaries are over, and the characters are being woven in and out of the plot, there is plenty of interest. As soon as we think we have plumbed one mystery, Mr. Cobban whips it out of sight and sets us hot foot on the track of another. Sir William Pierrepont, a wealthy banker of old family, is persecuted by a vulgar actress-wife, a legacy from his salad-days, and hides himself in London. He leaves sealed explanations with a young farmer, Lionel Coverley, who promptly loses them. Coverley, though he knows it not, is the son of the banker's unhappy marriage. The man who does know this is his cousin, Philip Pierrepont, who, with an eye on the inheritance for himself, tries to ruin Coverley. Everything is at sixes and sevens, while Sir William and the papers are missing. But they are found; the virtuous and honest are rewarded, and the intriguing Philip gets a Brummagem heiress. Further interest is afforded by Coverley's two love affairs—the first with a farmer's daughter; the second, which follows hard upon, with another cousin, Adela Pierrepont. Mr. Cobban tells his story freshly and vigorously.

The Adventures of John Johns. By Frederic Carrel. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

JOHN JOHNS was the son of a Guernsey fisherman, who could barely afford to pay for his education at the local college. We are introduced to John on his arrival in London with a very few shillings in pocket after six years' unprofitable wanderings in Australia. He makes the most of a lucky introduction to a newspaper office. He is pushing and unscrupulous, but as brilliant as a journalist as he is resourceful as a liar. His leading idea is that "it was through women that men climbed fastest; their love was the lever which no barrier withstood," &c. The women of the story were one and all quite unable to withstand John's love, or, rather, what they imagined to be his love. Certainly he used the most impassioned language to each and all of them—language which would not disgrace a halfpenny novelette; and, no doubt, through them he climbed very fast indeed. From the most humble position in the *Planet's* office he rapidly becomes its editor, duly seducing his proprietor's wife, among other women, *en route*, precisely as did Bel Ami. His subsequent adventures include the subjugation of an elderly widow in society with £300,000 of fortune and, on her death, elopement

with an American millionairess on her twenty-first birthday. Much of the book is an undoubtedly clever adaptation to English surroundings of the plot of the French novel. But Mr. Carrel has by no means been so successful in his attempts to rival Maupassant in another way. He lacks the Frenchman's delicate touch in describing in quite unnecessary detail what in English fiction is generally and better left to the imagination. And, even when he is not making love, the bombastic, platitudinous conversation of the hero cannot fail to jar upon the reader's nerves. We can assure Mr. Carrel that there is no real "realism" in making a journalist constantly talk in the language of a gutter-journal's leading article.

The Master Beggars. By L. Hope Cornford. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

IN this novel Mr. Cornford has interwoven a pleasant, romantic tale into the historic doings of that swash-buckling horde of insurgents which swept over the Netherlands about the middle of the sixteenth century, in protest against the rule of the Spanish Governor-General, the Duke of Alva. It is a delicately written tale, full of local and contemporary colour, and many of its widely divergent characters are powerfully drawn, though its main plot is, after all, but of small fascination. Now and again Mr. Cornford fails in accuracy in certain matters of (no doubt) small importance. The Church of St. Gudule at Brussels, for instance, was never a cathedral, nor does the Roman Church chime its bells on the last two days of Holy Week. It also jars a little to have monasteries continually referred to as convents, though this is a curiously frequent blunder in English fiction. Such blunders, trifling though they be, may well make the cautious reader uneasy as to the author's accuracy in matters as to which he would be glad of sound information.

The Career of Claudia. By Frances Mary Peard. (Bentley.)

THIS is a difficult novel to criticise. It is a good deal above the ruck of magazine fiction; yet it is trammelled much by the same conventions. That Claudia's career is destined to early frustration is, for instance, a foregone conclusion: the magazine public would never tolerate a girl who succeeded as a landscape gardener! Hence Claudia must fall in love. We like her much better at her landscape gardening, and so, we suspect, did the author. In truth, Claudia the emancipated is a delightful girl—serious, enthusiastic, and generous—a girl of no humour described by a woman of a good deal. Claudia does not want men to assist her fads: "they just take it as a new variety of flirting"; but two men *do* meddle, and the end is quickly in view. The tale does not lack subtlety, the author knows how to produce a definite impression without being brutally obvious; and certain nuances (a mental family likeness, for example) are very cleverly used. It may be allowable to remark, however, that an intelligent girl like Claudia should not be permitted to talk nonsense about "opposing the laws of

political economy" as if they were a system of ethics; also that she twice says "who" when she should say "whom." But these—and a very ugly binding—are trifling blemishes in a clever book.

Out of the Darkness. By Percy Fendall and Fox Russell. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THE problem of the authors is to evolve out of a particularly unhappy marriage the happy ending which the healthy novel-reader continues to desire. The task is performed with some adroitness; and a somewhat exaggerated regard for the conventions of fiction does not prevent the book from being very pleasant reading. Sir Eustace Bevan, Q.C., goes into the country to recruit after a break-down. There he meets Monica Stanforth, and a friendship drifts unconsciously into love. It is a very innocent attachment—a term which cannot be applied to the vagaries of Sir Eustace's wife. Lady Bevan quarrels with her lover on account of that gentleman's projected alliance with an American heiress, and threatens to reveal all to her husband. Thereafter matters hasten to a crisis, which is, however, averted by the sudden death of the faithless wife. Perhaps the best-drawn characters in the book are Lady Bevan herself and a breezy old admiral of the type one finds in *Rosemary*. Certain of the scenes—as the courtship of the village doctor—are not free from a suspicion of buffoonery, though other chapters give evidence that at least one of the authors possesses genuine and spontaneous humour. It would appear, however, that neither of them knows much of Wagner, or they would not have made the heroine "sit down to the piano and rattle through the 'Ride of the Valkyries' with a good deal of unnecessary vigour."

A Matter of Temperament. By Caroline Fothergill. (A. & C. Black.)

THIS book would be dull if it were not so ingenuous. Simplicity is, indeed, its keynote—simplicity of plot, and a simplicity of character which, perhaps, ought not to be allowed to stray out of real life. We all know the kind of man whom the author chooses for her hero—a feeble, fickle character, unstable as water, and, like water, very prone to run down grade in the absence of any restraining influence. The restraining influence in the novel is Henrietta, who has to leave her fiancé, the doctor, to go to Egypt in attendance on an invalid sister. One closes the book with a sense of pity for the stout-hearted Henrietta, who in the end does not fear to marry as flabby a creature as any man-hater could desire to make a hero of.

The Jucklins. By Opie Read. (A. & C. Black.)

IF one may suggest that Mr. Opie Read has read *Lorna Doone*, it is only to indicate that he has caught the fine romantic spirit of Mr. Blackmore's book. His hero, curiously

enough, is not unlike the great John Ridd, being big of stature and strong of soul. But it is in the clear and nervous style of the book that the greatest charm is found. It is a book with individuality. One will read far before finding a more delightful character than brave old Lim Jucklin, whose passion for cock-fighting is hardly kept in check by his reverence for the Scriptures—"kiver to kiver."

"I'm a good Church member and all that sort of thing; I believe the Book from one end to the other; believe that the whale swallowed Jonah—I don't care if its throat ain't bigger than a hoe-handle; believe that the vine grew up in the night and withered at mornin'; believe that old Samson killed all them fellers with the jawbone—believe everything, as I tell you, from start to finish; but I'll be blamed if I can keep from fightin' chickens to save my life."

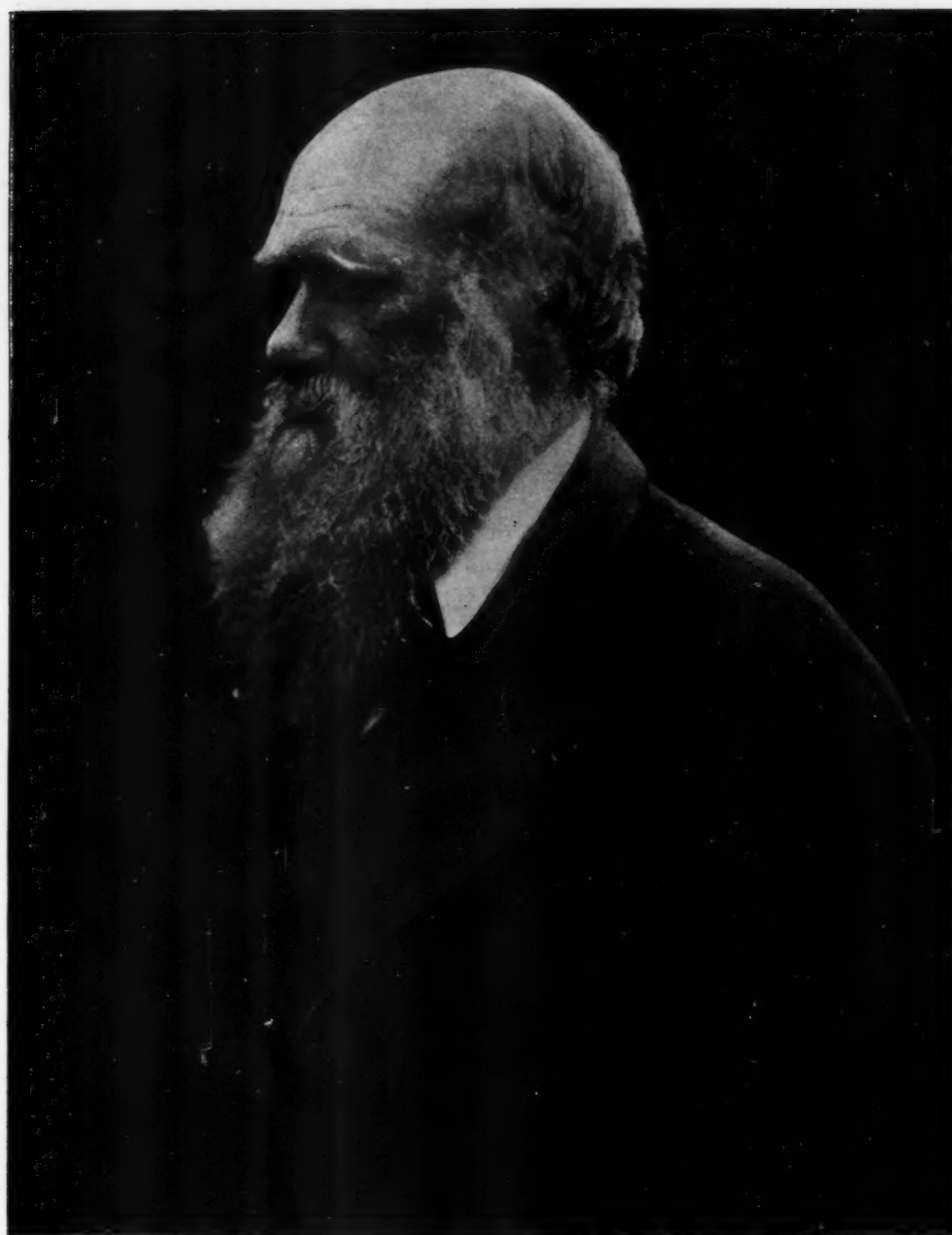
He compromises by permitting no combats on Sunday, and merely communing affectionately with the fowls, "though," he soliloquises, "how a preacher can eat a game rooster is beyond my understandin'." That deplorable incident had really happened—a much sadder reminiscence to him than the memorable occasion in which he allowed "Sam" and "Bob" to fight to a finish, and gave them honourable burial in Mrs. Jucklin's best lace curtain. The plot of the book is thick with the sort of incidents one would expect to find in North Carolina, where revolvers are handy and where antagonism to the new teacher reaches the point of blockading him in the schoolhouse and burning it over his head. Altogether, as bright and refreshing a tale as ever came eastwards. *The Jucklins* is an oasis in the desert of ordinary novels, for which one wanderer, at least, acknowledges his gratitude.

Margot. By Sidney Pickering. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

SET a private secretary, "about five and thirty, good-looking, with tired eyes and a sprinkling of grey on his thick, close-cut hair," to play the innocent spy on an art student in Paris, "rather small, very young-looking, pretty, and a lady"; and only one thing can happen. But it is quite outside of the expectations that the lady should turn out to have a husband exiled in Siberia, and that that gentleman should turn out to have a previous wife who is still alive. These are a few of the complications which help to make Mr. Pickering's book excellent reading. The double secret is well kept, only enough of it being allowed to escape to spread the conventional atmosphere of mystery over the earlier part of the story. Add to that, with the usual love interest, a slightly burlesque flavour of Nihilism, and you get the chief ingredients of *Margot*. It is hardly necessary to say that the tangled skein is straightened out in the end—that Margot marries the secretary, who has by that time become the heir of her father's wealth. It is a clever book. To say that it is not quite convincing is to apply a standard which would be disastrous to ninety-nine novels out of a hundred.

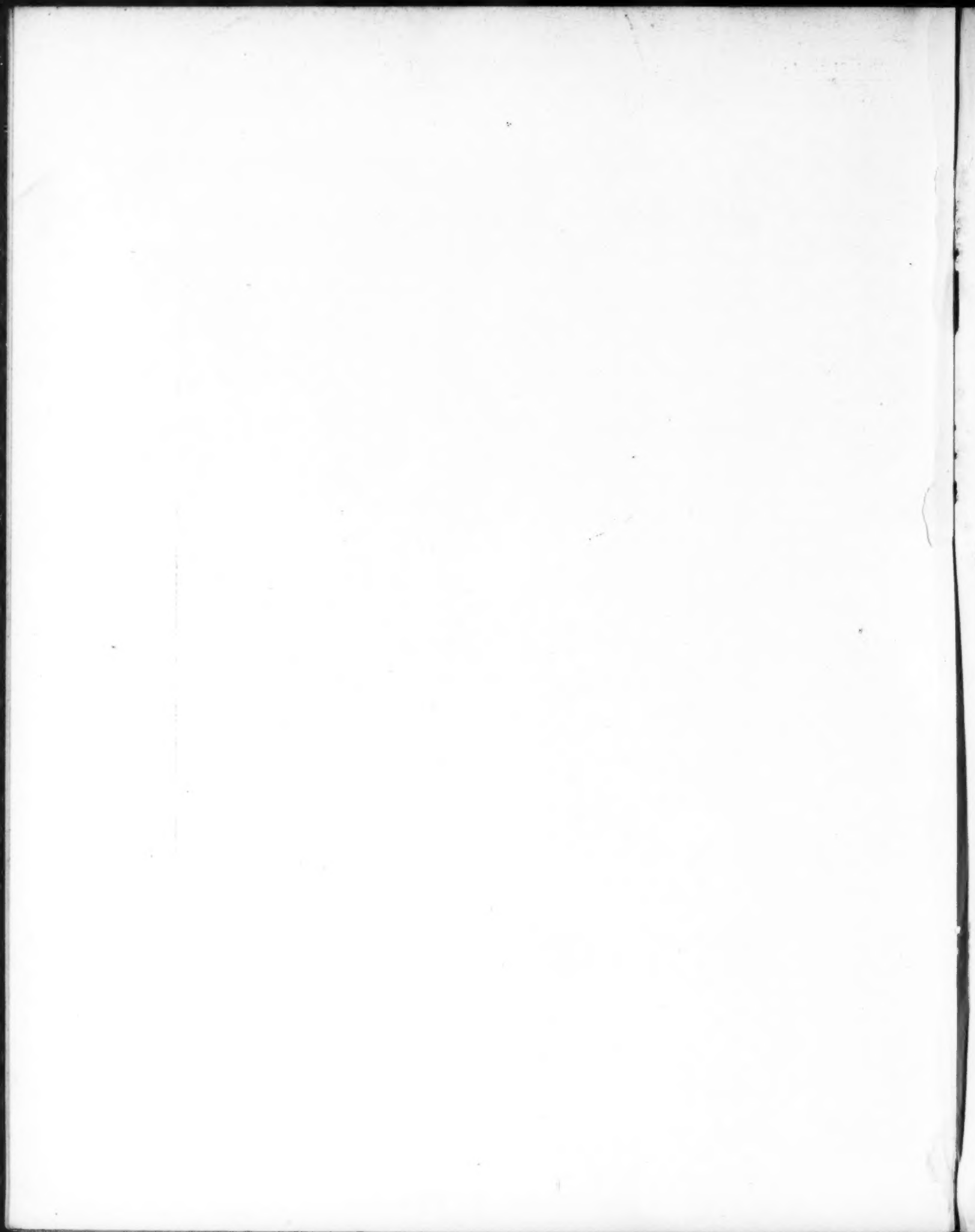
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SUPPLEMENT TO THE ACADEMY.



CHARLES DARWIN

From a Photograph by Mrs. J. M. Cameron



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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE.

M. MAETERLINCK's book of essays, *Le Trésor des Humbles*, has been in the hands of a few English readers for more than a year. For the same period its English version has been awaited by a larger band to whom, perhaps, the very title, *The Treasure of the Humble*, appealed. There is great virtue in titles, and this one aims at the heart and hits it. Mr. Alfred Sutro, the translator, has not given us all the essays. He has left out the three on "Emerson," "Novalis," and "Ruybroeck l'Admirable." Mr. A. B. Walkley contributes an introduction, and his first care is to warn English readers of the difficulties of Maeterlinck's thought and style.

"With M. Maeterlinck as a dramatist the world is pretty well acquainted. This volume presents him in the new character of a philosopher and an aesthete. And it is in some sort an 'apology' for his theatre, the one being to the other as theory to practice. Reversing the course prescribed by Mr. Squeers for his pupils, M. Maeterlinck, having cleaned w-i-n-d-e-r, winder, now goes and spells it. He began by visualising and synthetising his ideas of life; here you shall find him trying to analyse these ideas and consumed with anxiety to tell us the truth that is in him. It is not a truth for all markets; he is at no pains to conceal that. He appeals, as every mystic must, to the elect; M. Anatole France would say to the *âmes bien nées*. If we are not sealed of the tribe of Plotinus, he warns us to go elsewhere. 'If, plunging thine eyes into thyself'—it is this same Plotinus that he is quoting—'thou dost not feel the charm of beauty, it is in vain that, thy disposition being such, thou shouldst seek the charm of beauty; for thou wouldst

seek it only with that which is ugly and impure. Therefore it is that the discourse we hold here is not addressed to all men.' If we are to follow him in his expedition to a philosophic Ultima Thule, we must have the mind for that adventure. . . . This means that the intelligence, the reason, will not suffice of themselves; we must have faith. There are passages in the book which may provoke a sniff from Mr. Worldly Wiseman; but we must beware of the Voltairian spirit, or this will be a closed book to us. 'We live by admiration, hope, and love,' said Wordsworth. And we understand by them, M. Maeterlinck would add. I fear we are not all of us found worthy of the mystical frame of mind. But it is a psychological fact, like another; and if we can only examine it from the outside we can at least bring patience and placidity to the task. The point is, has M. Maeterlinck anything to say? It will be found, I think, that he has."

A BOOK OF ESSAYS.

MR. ST. J. LOE STRACHEY has reprinted, after revision, a number of his contributions to the *Spectator*. From *Grave to Gay* is the general title under which they now appear in four groups: "Studies in Seriousness," "Literary Studies," "The Puritans," and "Humours of the Fray." In a modest introduction Mr. Strachey makes his bow as a journalist entering the field of authorship. "But," he writes, "though I am a journalist,

"I expect that my real reason for coming before the public with a book of previously printed matter is very much like that of regular authors. I want to try my luck like the rest, and to see whether I cannot get a certain number of readers to agree with me on the topics I have chosen. I shall be specially pleased if I can do so in the essays I have called 'The Puritans,' for there I have tried to show that the Puritans were not the harsh, dull sectaries they are so often described, but, in their truest and worthiest representatives, men inspired with the love of beauty in literature and art, and, above all, men of the noblest and widest patriotism."

OTHER BOOKS. *Memories of Hawthorne*, by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop,

consists mainly of letters written by Sophia Hawthorne to her husband and friends. They describe the days of her engagement to Nathaniel Hawthorne, her early married life at Salem, the life of the family at Liverpool during Hawthorne's Consulate, and the travels of the family in Italy. *The Connoisseur*, by Frederick S. Robinson, is a series of essays "On the Romantic and Picturesque Associations of Art and Artists." The author acknowledges indebtedness for some of his material to Sir J. C. Robinson, Her Majesty's Surveyor of Pictures, and formerly superintendent of the art collections of the South Kensington Museum. The subjects treated of by Mr. Robinson include "What People Collect," "The Ideal Collector," "Vogue and Prices," "Famous Collections," "Pliny the Elder and Horace Walpole," "Art and War," &c. *Naples in the Nineties*, by E. Neville-Rolfe, is a sequel to the author's *Naples in 1888*. Mr. Neville-Rolfe is British Consul for South Italy, and it is evident that for him the instruction to "see Naples and die" reads: See Naples and write about it. We notice that the first chapter of this book contains a

curious account of the annual miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. "The Temple Dramatists" series is continued in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which is edited by Mr. C. H. Herford, who discusses the Shakespeare-Fletcher authorship of the play, sufficiently indicating the tendency of his own opinions by making Fletcher's portrait the frontispiece to the volume. It was Fletcher of Saltoun who said that if he could write a nation's songs he cared not who made its laws; but he has other claims, not too well known, on the memory of all good Scots. He now finds a place in the "Famous Scots" series, and has his biography written in due fulness and order by Mr. G. W. T. Omond. It appears that the only biography of Fletcher has been a volume of *Essays on the Life and Writings of Fletcher of Saltoun and the Poet Thomson*, written by the Earl of Buchan, and published in 1792. This, however, is pronounced inaccurate by Mr. Omond, who adds the interesting fact that Rousseau was asked to write Fletcher's biography and was furnished with materials. He neither wrote the one nor returned the other. There was room, therefore, for a systematic attempt to recover the threads of Fletcher's life and weave them into a connected story. Mr. Omond seems to have had every assistance. A handsomely published book is Mrs. Ernest Hart's *Picturesque Burma*. Mrs. Hart visited Burma with her husband for health and enjoyment in 1895—her book was an afterthought. But Mrs. Hart begins it with a eulogy of Burma which shows that her impressions of the country were profound enough to justify this literary undertaking.

FICTION. MISS BRADDON describes herself on the title of her fifty-seventh novel as the author of

Lady Audley's Secret—her first. *Under Love's Rule* is a story of extravagant living and suicide; but the clouds turn a silver lining on the night; and the last chapter, "The Sweet Uses of Adversity," may be approached with confidence by those who insist on happy endings. There are a great many ways of making love: Mr. L. Dougall has made a selection and called it *A Dozen Ways of Love*. "Young Love," "Witchcraft," "The Syndicate Baby," and "The Girl who Believed in the Saints" are the titles of four of these sketches. Mr. Dougall's last book was *The Madonna of a Day*. A title of the prolix order is *A Farrago of Folly: Being Some Vagaries and Verboosities of Two Vulgarians*, by George Gamble. Mr. Gamble believes in his heroine so thoroughly that he dedicates his book to her—a rather bewildering proceeding. *A Prince of Tyrone* is a title of old Irish chieftain life in the time of Elizabeth. Its emotional key-note is indicated by the following lines from an "old manuscript" which face the title-page:

"Our life is like a narrow raft,
Afloat upon the hungry sea.
Hereon is but a little space,
And each man, eager for a place,
Doth thrust his brother in the sea.
And so our life is wan with fears,
And so the sea is salt with tears;
Ah, well is thee thou art asleep."

Another novel with an historical basis is *Triscombe Stone*, by Portland Board Akerman and Norman Hurst. The authors lay their story in the time of Monmouth's Rebellion, but base it "upon facts that we believe have never been hitherto used by novelists." *Fierceheart the Soldier*, by J. C. Snaith, is yet another historically flavoured story, its time 1745. The first chapter opens racyly with an argument between a Parson and a General over a chess-board.

"Nightly they fought with the aid of a bowl, a box of the best high-dried, and a quarrel. They were the finest quarrellers of their time; it was the General's power to say a sour thing sweetly, and to smile resistance down; while the Parson rejoiced in a gift of insolence surpassing Johnson."

This opening to the tale is also its finish. The Parson and the General are again found playing chess; the story palpitates between the two games. A story of more modern military life is *Scarlet and Steel*, by E. Livingston Prescott. The author evidently holds strong views about military as distinct from ethical crimes, and on the effects of the punishments awarded for such.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by publishers.]

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- THE HEBREWS IN EGYPT AND THEIR EXODUS. By Alexander Wheelock Thayer. E. S. Willcox (Peoria).
NOTES ON THE PROPHET JEREMIAH. By Charles H. Waller, D.D. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1s.

BIOGRAPHY.

- MEMOIRS OF HAWTHORNE. By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

POETRY.

- SELECT POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS. By Andrew J. George. M.A. Isbister & Co. 3s. 6d.
AN ODE FOR VICTORIA DAY. By Samuel Jefferson. George Blackie & Son. 1s.

FICTION.

- ELEMENTARY JANE. By Richard Pryce. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.
THE DAGGER AND THE CROSS. By Joseph Hatton. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.
HIS DAUGHTER. By W. L. Alden. Neville Beeman, Ltd. 2s.
THE BIRTHRIGHT. By Joseph Hocking. James Bowden.
ANGELA'S LOVER. By Dorothea Gerard. A. Constable & Co. 1s.
ANGUS MURRAY. By Helen Davis. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 6s.
HER MAJESTY'S GREATEST SUBJECT. By S. S. Thorburn. Archibald Constable & Co. 3s. 6d.
TALES FROM THE ISLES OF GREECE. Translated from the Greek of Argyris Epitaphiotis by W. H. D. Rouse. J. M. Dent & Co.
THE KNIGHT'S TALE. By F. Emily Phillips. William Blackwood & Sons.
THE KESTYNS OF CATHER CASTLE. By Robey F. Eldridge. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.
A GALAHAD OF THE CREEKS, AND OTHER STORIES. By S. Lovett-Yeats. Longmans, Green & Co.
THE WHIRLPOOL. By George Gissing. Lawrence & Bullen.
IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY. By Florence Marryat. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.
A FARRAGO OF FOLLY. By George Gamble. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.
A PRINCE OF TYRONE. By Charlotte Fennell and J. P. O'Callaghan. William Blackwood & Sons.
TRISCOMBE STONE. By Portland B. Akerman and Norman Hurst. Bliss, Sands & Co. 6s.
BEHIND THE STARS. By E. Longworth Dames. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. 6d.
A NOBLE HAUL. By W. Clark Russell. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s.

- SCARLET AND STEEL. By E. Livingston Prescott. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.
UNDER LOVE'S RULE. By M. E. Braddon. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 6s.
FIERCEHEART THE SOLDIER. By F. C. Snaith. A. D. Innes & Co. 6s.

BELLES LETTRES.

- A SATIRICAL DIALOGUE. By William Goddard. Edited by John S. Farmer. Privately printed.
THE CONNOISSEUR. By Frederick S. Robinson. George Redway. 7s. 6d.

DRAMA.

- THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. Edited by C. H. Herford. J. M. Dent & Co.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- NOTES ON THE KURIL ISLANDS. By Captain H. T. Snow, F.R.G.S. John Murray. 4s.
PICTURESQUE BURMA. By Mrs. Ernest Hart. J. M. Dent & Co.

MEDICINE.

- A SYSTEM OF MEDICINE. Edited by Thomas Clifford Allbutt. Macmillan & Co. 25s. net.

FOREIGN.

- LAZARILLO DE TORMES. Publicado á sus Expensas H. Butler Clarke, M.A. B. H. Blackwell (Oxford).

EDUCATIONAL.

- JUVENAL: SATIRES XL, XLII, XLIV. Edited by A. H. Allcroft, M.A. W. B. Clive. 3s. 6d.
A COURSE OF ELEMENTARY EXPERIMENTS FOR STUDENTS OF PRACTICAL INORGANIC CHEMISTRY. By Chapman Jones. Sampson Low. 2s. 6d.
SPENSER: THE FAIRIE QUEENE. BOOK I. Edited by W. H. Hill, M.A. 2s. 6d.
BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Edited by John Morrison, M.A. Macmillan & Co.

NEW EDITIONS.

- THE WORKS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Bliss, Sands & Co. 3s. 6d.
MARY BARTON. By Mrs. Gaskell. Bliss, Sands & Co. 1s. 6d.

PERIODICALS.

- ST. NICHOLAS. VOL. XXIV.: PART I. The Century Co. and Macmillan & Co.
THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. VOL. LIII.: NOV.—APRIL, 1897. The Century Co. and Macmillan & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.
STANFORD'S MAP OF CENTRAL LONDON. Edward Stanford. 3s. 6d.
COMENIUS' SCHOOL OF INFANCY. Edited by Will S. Monroe. Isbister & Co. 2s. 6d.
WOOD FINISHING. Edited by Paul N. Hasluck. Cassell & Co. 2s. 6d.
COSMOPOLIS. VOL. V.: JAN., FEB., MARCH, 1897. T. Fisher Unwin.
FAEM AND GARDEN INSECTS. By William Somerville. Macmillan & Co. 1s.
OUTSPOKEN ESSAYS. By Ernest Belfort Bax. William Reeves. 2s. 6d.

NOTES AND NEWS.

BIOGRAPHIES and reminiscences of Mr. Coventry Patmore are in the air. Mr. Gosse was originally chosen to do the "Life" by the poet himself, who, however, later decided that only a Catholic could adequately treat the mystical side of his thought and work. He therefore approached a Catholic, who had also become his closest friend, on the subject, to whom he gave a number of highly interesting letters addressed to himself and to his father by the leading men of letters of their time. Whether a biography will ever take shape at the hands of this friend is, we believe, altogether uncertain.

MEANWHILE, Mr. F. G. Stephens is understood to have in hand a Memoir of the poet,

with whom he was on terms of friendship from the days of *The Germ*, while it is to be hoped that Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who is one of the executors, may pay some sort of tribute to one to whom he was closely united by ties of affection and of literary association. Mr. Basil Champneys, by the way, who wrote the admirable Memoir of Mr. Patmore which appeared in *The Guardian*, is about to design a memorial for his grave.

MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON'S volume of *New Poems*, shortly to be published by Messrs. Constable & Co., will be dedicated to Mr. Coventry Patmore in the following lines:

"Lo, my book thinks to look Time's leaguer down

Under the banner of your spread renown;
Or, if these levies of impuissant rhyme
Fall to the overthrow of assaulting Time,
Yet this one page shall fend oblivious shame,
Armed with your crested and prevailing name."

THE scheme of the New Century Theatre has been carried a little farther, and a prospectus of the first season is now to be obtained, wherein dates of the opening performances are given and promises of further productions are made. This is encouraging. On May 3 will begin the first of four series of *matinées*. Ibsen's new play, "John Gabriel Borkman," will be the play with which the venture will start. Afterwards, in the autumn, we are to see "Admiral Guinea," by Mr. Henley and the late R. L. Stevenson; and, subsequently, a portion of Ibsen's dramatic poem "Peer Gynt," with Grieg's music. Thirty-two shillings purchase a stall for the four productions, twenty-five shillings a dress circle seat, and ten shillings an upper box.

THE provisional committee of the New Century Theatre consists of Miss Robins, Mr. Archer, Mr. Massingham, and Mr. Sutro. Mr. Sutro is also the hon. secretary and manager. The aim of the executive, says the prospectus, is "to provide a permanent machinery for the production, from time to time, of plays of intrinsic interest which find no place on the stage in the ordinary way of theatrical business. At the same time, they would have it clearly understood that they do not go in search of the esoteric, the eccentric, or the mystic; that they are devoted to no special school or tendency; that their productions will not be exclusively 'literary,' in the narrow sense of the word, and still less educational or instructive; that they do not propose, in a word, to present the undramatic drama in any of its disguises. They will welcome all *acting plays*, of a certain standard of intrinsic merit, which are likely to interest the intelligent public to whom they appeal."

MR. H. G. WELLS'S new romance, *The War of the Worlds*, which begins in the current number of *Pearson's Magazine*, has rich promise. The scheme of the story as unfolded in this first instalment is tremendous—no less than an attack made upon our world by the dwellers on Mars, grown desperate by the contemplation of the fate in store for them when the cooling of their own planet is complete.

THE immediate pressure of necessity, says Mr. Wells, using the historic present, has brightened the intellects of the dwellers on Mars, enlarged their powers, and hardened their hearts. "And looking across space, with instruments and intelligences such as we can only dream of vaguely, they see at its nearest distance, only 35,000,000 of miles sunward of them, a morning star of hope, our own warmer planet, green with vegetation and grey with water, with a cloudy atmosphere eloquent of fertility, with glimpses through its drifting cloud wisps of broad stretches of populous country and narrow navy-crowded seas."

THE story must be read by every one who esteems thrills. His calm, merciless method—so often a manifestation of the scientific mind—his convincing trick of verisimilitude, his dispassionate accumulation of terrifying evidence, describing horror on horror without more emotion than an appraiser's clerk would show—these gifts, allied to a very remarkable imagination, make any work of Mr. Wells notable and worthy of attention.

In the same number of *Pearson's Magazine* several novelists name the rate at which they are in the habit of writing. The request for these particulars, says the writer of the article, grew out of the statement that a certain well-known author writes at the rate of 6,000 words a day. Anthony Trollope, it will be remembered, averaged 10,000 words a week, though occasionally he did 25,000. Some of the figures of modern writers are tabulated below:

Mr. W. L. Alden ...	4,000
Mr. Frankfort Moore ...	4,000
Mr. Robert Barr ...	4,000
"John Strange Winter" ...	3,000
	to
	4,000
Mr. Conan Doyle ...	1,500
	to
	2,000
Mr. Max Pemberton ...	1,500
Mr. W. Le Queux ...	1,500
Sir Walter Besant ...	1,000
"John Oliver Hobbes" ...	150

ONE or two writers give less emphatic answers. Mr. H. G. Wells wrote *The Island of Dr. Moreau* and *The Wonderful Visit* at the rate of 7,000 words a day, but has since given up the practice; "George Egerton" does not write regularly enough to be any guide; Mr. Crockett has done as many as 5,000 words and as few as 800, and has been equally satisfied with both; Mr. Hall Caine is content to produce 6,000 words in three or four days; Mr. Rider Haggard works too irregularly to be able to compute a daily output.

LASTLY come "Ian Maclaren" and the author of *Lorna Doone*, with another kind of reply. Ian Maclaren considers his experience in writing so slight that he does not think it becoming to give any statement to the public as to his speed of production. Mr. R. D. Blackmore says:

"The proper point about a book—
Or be it praised or smitten—
Is not to ask how long it took,
But what it is when written."

THE ninth and concluding volume of Mr. Charles Booth's monumental work on the *Life and Labour of the People in London* is due on the 13th of this month. The nine volumes of this valuable series have occupied ten years in appearing, the first having been published in 1887. The new volume begins with seven chapters of comparisons. Trade is compared with trade according to the apparent poverty of those engaged in it, and again according to the average earnings. Then comparisons are made as to the proportions born in or out of London and living in the inner or outer portions of London: as to the numbers in family and proportion of dependents; as to the ages of those at work; as to the proportions of employers and employed; and, finally, as to increase or decrease in the numbers employed during recent decades. Then follows a detailed abstract of the whole work, which will be found of considerable use as showing the great scope and variety of the subjects dealt with and facilitating reference to any point on which information may be desired. The authors of the volume are Mr. Charles Booth and Mr. Ernest Aves. Mr. George H. Duckworth prepared the abstracts. The publishers are Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

ALTHOUGH this volume closes the series which has *Life and Labour of the People in London* as its title, Mr. Booth's inquiry is not yet over. Before he considers his work done another stage must be completed. This last stage in the inquiry will take cognisance of the influences by which the conditions of life in London are now affected for good or evil. These include such subjects as drink and early marriages, charity and its organisation, and the work of the religious bodies. The final completion of the work is promised in three years.

THE new volume of *The Century* magazine, which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have just issued, brings to mind Mr. Bret Harte's ballad of "The Aged Stranger." So rich are its pages in pictures and articles relating to the War that "I was with Grant" might be the book's motto. Indeed, "I was with Grant" might have been the motto of almost every number of *The Century* that as yet has been published.

AT a meeting of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society, held at the Imperial Institute on April 6, a paper by Miss Gertrude Shepherd was read by Mr. E. Delmar Morgan on the principal "Heroines of Turgueniev." After pointing out the great moral influence which Turgueniev assigns to women in the development of Russia, forty years ago, the writer expatiated on the variety of types and the skill with which each is described; the vivid impression made by the principal women; the delicacy with which Turgueniev conveys impressions, for instance, of a woman's feelings, in a few words; the clever manner in which the development of character is traced, the beauty and charm of individual woman. The paper ended with a few words contrasting the younger women of Turgueniev with their English contemporaries.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, who must now have enough short stories for a volume to succeed *Many Inventions* and *Life's Handicap*, has just delivered to the editor of the American magazine a new story, entitled "Number 007."

MR. RIDER HAGGARD has finished a new novel dealing with Boer life, entitled *The Swallow*.

THE title which Mr. Harry Furniss has chosen for his book on Parliamentary life—*Men and Manners in Parliament*—is dangerously near the title chosen by Mr. Lucy for the somewhat similar work which he wrote twenty and more years ago. The difference between them is merely an "s," Mr. Lucy's volume being called *Men and Manner in Parliament*. Mr. Furniss's book, which will, of course, be illustrated, is to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

THE last piece of literary work—finished only a few days before his death—which Lord Plunket wrote was an introduction to an English translation of Dr. Wilken's book on *Spanish Protestants in the Sixteenth Century*, shortly to be published by Mr. Heinemann. The late Archbishop's introduction represents the historical basis of his desire that a new Protestant Bishop of Spain might be consecrated with the view of setting on foot a new Reformation in that country.

MR. CLEMENT SHORTER has been commissioned by Mr. James Bowden to write a volume on *Sixty Years of Victorian Literature*. The book will be issued at two shillings, and will be ready before the festivities in June. A discreet silence will be maintained as to the younger reputations of the last decade.

A LONG poem by Mr. George Meredith will probably be acquired by the editor of *Cosmopolis*.

THE seventeenth annual Whitechapel Fine Art Exhibition will be opened next Wednesday by the Earl of Crewe at four o'clock. Prof. Herkomer will deliver an address in the evening on the work of Mr. G. F. Watts, which will be represented in the exhibition by no fewer than eighty-seven of his pictures, including the majority of those belonging to the Little Holland House gallery.

THE forthcoming number of the *Scottish Review* will contain an article by Mr. F. Legge upon "Primitive Religion and Primitive Magic," in which the writer seeks to show the origin of the priesthood among uncivilised peoples.

MESSRS. BELL will publish shortly, in four volumes, a selection of seventy of Vasari's "Lives," edited and annotated by Messrs. E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and Mr. A. A. Hopkins. The translation used is that of Mr. Foster. This edition is entirely distinct from the complete new translation of Vasari which Mr. Horatio Brown is preparing for Messrs. Bell to issue later.

THE ONLOOKER.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THANKS to the excellence of M. Hérèlle's translations of Gabrield'Annunzio's remarkable novels, this modern Italian has been cordially adopted in France, and may now be said to have a place in French literature. Except Byron, no foreign writer has ever enjoyed such a triumph. The doors of the two reviews—*La Revue des Deux Mondes* and *La Revue de Paris*—are wide open to his fame, and he is enthroned in each more royally even than any French master of the day. The austere Brunetière can forsake the frozen altitudes of predicative literature to welcome this voluptuous recruit; and, bewildered by the fire and radiance of his genius, discover an unwonted tolerance of his extravagances, his viciousness, and monstrous obscenities. The critic who has lashed the realists of France has not a word of censure for the morbid, turbulent sensualism of this Italian "child of the century." All the critics have written laudatory and sympathetic articles about this adopted favourite—Messrs. de Vogüé, Lemaitre, Laroumenet—and a new book by him is as much an event in the world of French letters as a book by Loti, Bourget, or France.

His last, *Les Vierges aux Rochers*, the first of the *Lily* series, of which two are in preparation, speedily followed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* his striking and terrible *Triomphe de la Mort*. It is weaker in every way, both in construction and in analysis. The fatal lack in Annunzio is humour, alas! which makes his books heavy reading. There are splendid pages in this new volume, as might be expected from such an essential poet and artist, and there is something indescribably stately in the morose and fallen splendour of the Italian household he so brilliantly, poetically depicts. But nothing could be more grotesque than the picture of three superbly beautiful young women waiting for the hero, their guest and cousin, to make his choice and name the elected one. Like maidens in a naïve legend, they stand before the young sultan, with folded hands and quiet eyes, without any sense of rivalry or impatience, and each day the hero finds different reasons why it should be Anatolia, Masinnila, or Violante. He is enamoured of all three, and yet the handkerchief is not thrown. He departs, leaving these exquisite maidens to their tristful and harmonious solitude. There is one charming little picture in this uneventful and meaningless reverie of a sensual and conceited youth one cannot help connecting with the writer's own individuality. The type stands for the hero of all his books: morbid, fatuous, bestial, and artistic. He draws with a sure and vigorous hand the Siege of Gaëta, and evokes the noble silhouette of the young queen:

"An immense cry of joy and love saluted the apparition of the queen on the esplanade where shot hailed. She advanced with an audacious step, with all the supple grace of her nineteen years, in a tight bodice as splendid as armour, smiling under the plumes of her felt hat. Without a blink of lid at the whistle of the balls, she fixed her glance on the soldiers, as

intoxicating as the wave of a flag; and beneath this glance, pride seemed to widen wounds, while those who were not wounded envied the glory of a blood-stain. . . . 'Ah, how lovely she was and how worthy of her throne!' exclaimed the prince. Her presence had a magnetic power over the soldiers. When she was by, each one felt a lion. The 22nd of January was the most glorious day of the siege, because she remained all night on the batteries."

Turning from Annunzio to a lesser light of naturalism, M. Paul Alexis, one understands why the austere and trenchant critic, M. Brunetière, is so hard on the French article and so lenient to the more exuberant Italian. At his worst Annunzio is always a poet, while a writer like M. Alexis is merely nasty and brutal. *La Comtesse* is a collection of obscene and worthless trivialities, supposed to be realistic studies of Parisian life. Oddly enough, one of the studies is of an eccentric who, just as others who love money, power, glory, wit, women, wine, play, or fishing, adores filth. Not haphazard filth, the writer explains, which is but an accident, but "thick and unctuous filth," finding his pleasure in it as a pig does. Lighting upon these coarse, crude pages, the exasperated reader cries "Halt"! If sin on paper must be, give us the perfumed folly of Annunzio's eternal lost hero. He may weary us, but we have no occasion to hold our noses.

Saphir, by M. Charles Buet, is the everlasting slice of Parisian life. Do these dear Parisians never weary of their Paris; never aspire to get beyond it; see, think, feel beyond it? As if this Paris of *rustaques*, of vulgar bankers, and dazzling *domi-mondaines* were all that is to be seen and known of the real Paris. Of the studious, honest, laborious, unselfish, austere, and scientific aspects of its life, never a word; of its virtue, self-sacrifice, poverty, and abnegation, no hint. Always, and inevitably, the group of foreigners (princes, barons, jockeys, and milords, English, Polish, Peruvian, and Austrian) of doubtful origin and still more doubtful means of existence, cocottes and heartless women of the world. Banquets, jewels, impossible splendours of toilet and establishment, light, frequently witty chatter, crisp but worthless characterisation, and the usual abuse of women: these are the ingredients for the insignificant society novel, here as well as in London; only here the writing is better, the forms more finished, and the observation finer. More original are the tales of M. Robert Scheffer comprised in the volume *Le Prince Narcisse*. Here there is some kind of distinction, a personal point of view, and an approach to art.

NEW BOOKS.

Le Prince Narcisse. Robert Scheffer.
La Comtesse. Paul Alexis.
Saphir. Charles Buet.
Les Vierges aux Rochers. Gabriel d'Annunzio.
Les Deux Rives. Fernand Vandérem.

NOTICE.

In consequence of the Easter holidays, the ACADEMY will be published next week on Thursday Morning instead of on Friday.

CHARLES LEVER.

THERE are certain authors whom one always associates with bad type and bad editions—with more words to the pages and more pages to the book than is at all desirable. Dickens is one of these, but Lever is the capital instance, and perhaps that is why people seldom read him after the age when they have come to realise that eyesight needs to be economised. For that reason one welcomes Messrs. Downey's project of a handsome edition, printed by Constable, on very creditable, though scarcely ideal, paper. Nowadays, when half the novels read as if they had been written during the influenza, animal spirits are cheap at any price, and nowhere are they to be had so easily as in a volume of Lever.

That is Lever's essential quality, the stock-in-trade with which he started; one has only to re-read his first book, *Harry Lorrequer*, to be quite sure about this. When he wrote it, as it appeared in the Dublin University Magazine fifty years ago, he was just thirty, simply the country doctor at Portstewart, a remote little town of co. Antrim. All the experience of life that he possessed was gained by a career in Trinity College, Dublin, and by a few years' exercise of his profession. The profession in itself pleased Lever, and there is no other which gives a man so deep and so wide an insight into human nature; yet the whole offered no great capital for a writer to draw upon—but how inexhaustible it seemed in his hands! In his preface to the collected edition of 1872 he notes himself the prodigality of this first book. As he grew older and left medicine for the diplomatic service, he gained a considerable accession of knowledge, his point of view changed, from farce he drifted towards comedy, his wit grew wittier if somewhat less lighthearted, his commentary on life was more searching, and superficially the character of his work changed a good deal. Yet fundamentally his method remains the same. It is always he himself who provides the entertainment; one never forgets Lever in his characters. With the most extraordinary fertility of brilliant improvisation, he was incapable, or almost incapable, of sustained invention. *Harry Lorrequer* began as a series of detached sketches; and scarcely any of his novels attained to the dignity of a compact and developed plot. Like Scott, he began a story without knowing where it was going; but, unlike Scott, he had not the art to draw the whole into a unity of action. His best novels are simply the recital of scenes in the life of a particular person, not connected by any continuous thread or intrigue; and in a chief faculty of the artist, the art of construction, he must be pronounced almost wholly deficient. You may begin to read him wherever you like and it will make very little difference to your enjoyment; but, after all, the important thing is that he remains enjoyable.

A great many people talk about Lever as if he were fit only for the school-room. In most cases that is because they have not re-read him; if it were a genuine opinion it would argue stupidity

Lever, it is true, belonged to a generation which had a robust taste in humour; he lived in the era of practical jokes; and in addition to that he had the fortune or misfortune to be illustrated by Phiz, who accentuated the horseplay and the farcical types of his characters. But the buffoonery is only an excrescence; he had above all the personal magnetism of a born storyteller, that easy flow of light description, which, without tedium or hurry, leads up to the point; and that extraordinary memory for stories which left his imagination nothing to do but to fill in picturesque details. A gentleman who lived at Portstewart when *Harry Lorrequer* was coming out in monthly parts remembers how he used to conquer the extreme shyness of his boyhood and creep into the drawing-room when Dr. Lever was there, to hear him rattling on in just the same pleasant way as in the printed pages. Lever's early attempts confined themselves chiefly to humorous narrative, in which he had felt his feet; but even in *Harry Lorrequer* there is already one masterpiece of grave storytelling—the adventure of Trevanion, an English officer, who dealt with a French duellist during the occupation of Paris. Another master of narrative, William Napier, has told the story—a true one—in one of the letters printed in his life; and to compare the two is to get a good notion of the vivid little inventions by which Lever brings the scene before one. As he made his hand, he widened his choice of themes; pathos and even tragedy came well within his range, quite real in their way. Even Dickens could scarcely have done anything more grim than the death-bed scenes which open *Tom Burke*. Lever could draw a very convincing villain.

He has an Irishman's prejudices and prepossessions; convivial qualities weigh with him, perhaps, more than they ought to; and he does not appreciate the commercial virtues. He could not write the romance of a merchant's honour, as Balzac did in *César Birotteau* and Daudet in *Risler aîné*; but if you want a roguish attorney or a pretentious upstart Lever is the very man to do him for you.

Yet, with all that, he has a large and humane tolerance even for his rogues; he likes the twinkle in the eye of a county horsedealer, or the suave manners of a continental swindler. Indeed, Lever is hard only on the people who bore him, especially upon the stupidity of arrogance. He delights to show the condescending Englishmen outwitted by the mere Irish. When he draws them, as he drew, for instance, Walpole in *Lord Kilgobbin*, the portrait is telling enough, but it lacks moderation. Indignation puts too much gall into his ink. He is best with his own people, for with them he is never wholly out of sympathy, unless, indeed, they are bailiffs or, worse still, mortgagors who have ousted an old family. In this, as in so many other ways, he is profoundly Irish.

It has become the fashion to say that he misrepresented Irish character; but the charge is unreasonable. Writers of to-day insist upon the Celtic melancholy, but the Celtic gaiety is quite as character-

istic; and the melancholy is most conspicuous among the peasants, who only interested him by their love of adventure and sport, and by their undeniable humour and quickness of tongue. Mickey Free is not a literally truthful representation, but he is artistically true—a dexterously heightened rendering of a familiar type. Professional talkers and humorists abound in all classes among the Irish, but nowhere are they commoner than among peasants who converse much with the gentry. A water-bailiff on a Donegal salmon river—Neddy Gallagher, peace be to his ashes—was famous through at least two counties for his conversation, and in his own way he was as good a talker as the late Father Healy. If Lever had known Neddy, he could (and would undoubtedly) have reproduced his dialect and his particular turn of humour in dozens of admirable pages. The portrait might not have been profound, but it would certainly have been lifelike. Neddy's inner life was probably sad enough, but he would never have worn his heart upon his sleeve for the inspection of a stranger. All that Lever aspired to do was to sketch the amusing or the grotesque side of the people, their conscious or their unconscious humour, and he took the best types for his purpose; not the most characteristically Celtic nor the most poetic, but simply the most amusing. The bulk of his figures, however, belong either to the landlord class, which in the west and south remains very much as he painted it, or to that middle stratum which in Ireland consists almost exclusively of solicitors and priests. Lever painted society as he saw it, and a room in which Lever found himself was not likely to remain gloomy, and was exceedingly likely to become convivial. His own temperament throws a cheerful reflection on all his sketches; but they are not the less true for that. As an artist, he did not take himself seriously, he shunned all manner of filing work upon his productions, and would not even be at the pains to correct his proofs; but everywhere in his pages there is a genial and spontaneous humour, combined with a real knowledge of life, and a power of presenting character which increased steadily through his long career of writing. Lever never did anything better than the scene between Lord Kilgobbin and Miss Betty O'Shea in his last novel; and, above all, there is an ease of narration and a delight in the humour of his own situations which it would be hard to parallel except in the work of Dumas père. Perhaps the best way to praise Lever is to say that of all novelists he is the one who has most affinity with the creator of Chicot and D'Artagnan.

THEOLOGY IN FICTION.

You may read the Bible for the sake of its theology, or you may read it for its stories, or again as a convenient means of learning Hebrew and Greek. Similarly, you may read a novel for its story, which is the usual motive; or for its style, which is somewhat rarer; or, finally, for its theology. Mr. Thomas G. Selby has been reading novels

for their theology, and has published the result in a volume, entitled *The Theology of Modern Fiction* (Charles H. Kelly). He has rather unaccountably overlooked the works of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Miss Marie Corelli, which would have enabled him to wallow in fictional theology. Rather has he taken such writers as Nathaniel Hawthorne and Thomas Hardy and treated them critically, not as story-tellers, but as theologians, squeezing from them such drops of doctrine as may be extracted from *The Scarlet Letter* and *Tess*. He has written an interesting book, but it is interesting rather as an instance of the perversion of criticism.

Mr. Selby has found in the course of his reading of Hawthorne that the theory worked out in his stories (notably in *The Scarlet Letter*) is that the paramount punishment of sin is inward, and that the confession of sin is its best practical atonement. The central point of Mr. Hardy's teaching he discovers in "the tendency to find a genesis for sin and sorrow in the best of motives." *Tess*, for example, tries all along to do the right thing, and ends up as a fallen woman and a murderess. Here we have the theology of Mr. Hawthorne and of Mr. Hardy; and the one is right, thinks Mr. Selby, and the other is wrong. But surely if this be theology, we have all of us been theologians, as M. Jourdain talked prose, without knowing it, ever since we were old enough to think at all. That open confession is good for the soul has been a proverb for centuries, and it was not left to Mr. Hardy to teach us that there is a certain "cussedness" in life which brings disastrous action out of the best motives. These are facts which the man in the street may observe for himself.

Indeed, Mr. Selby has committed the initial error of mistaking theology for something that is quite different. For the business of the novelist is to write a story, and to do this in convincing fashion he must look at the facts of life. He sees that men love, hate, fear, hope; that men are honest or dishonest, or perhaps something of either; brave or cowardly, blonde or swarthy; that they are prone to do certain things and to leave certain things undone. With these facts he weaves his story, nor is it his business to go behind them and ask who or what it was that made men as they are. But whereas it is the business of the storyteller to take the facts of life as a starting-point and work forward to their mundane consequences, it is the function of the theologian to take them as a starting-point and work backwards to their supernatural background. And as theologian and novelist have thus a common meeting-point in the facts of life, the superficial critic is apt to think that the novelist is writing theology and the theologian fiction, not perceiving that the two are starting from the same point in contrary directions. Nevertheless, having said so much in disparagement of Mr. Selby's critical method, we must admit that here and there the novelist gives us a peep of his opinion concerning the origin and destiny of man, and that Mr. Selby has built an interesting little theological peep-show.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXII.—CHARLES DARWIN.

SHORT though it is, only a mere outline sketch, Darwin's autobiography, printed at the beginning of Mr. Francis Darwin's *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, takes a high place among work of its class. For brevity, for straightforwardness and true modesty, it certainly is not to be excelled. It is, indeed, if anything, too brief, too modest. Darwin set out to tell his children the salient things about himself, and he did it almost as dispassionately as if his subject was an entomological specimen. The autobiography is a marvel of directness. On the other hand, when writing about his father Darwin grew more humane and expansive: the subject warmed him as his own career never could; and we are left wishing that the great naturalist had found opportunity and time to describe other men for us. The art of saying in a small space a vast deal that is significant is so very uncommon. Darwin's account of his father is, indeed, one of the delightful things in literature, and it places that good man for ever in the gallery of great doctors. We know him body and mind: his enormous size—he weighed more than twenty-four stone, and was six feet two inches in height, his wonderful sagacity, his knowledge of men, his sympathetic imagination, his gift of clairvoyance. The portrait is lovingly done with the firmest and fewest strokes. Darwin, though he used it so little, had the true biographer's eye.

No one who was destined to write so much, we suspect, ever came to writing with less readiness than Charles Darwin. But, with that amazing patience and perseverance for which his name is a synonym, he made himself the perspicuous recorder of his discoveries.

"There seems [he wrote at the end of his life] to be a sort of fatality in my mind leading me to put at first my statement or proposition in a wrong or awkward form. Formerly I used to think about my sentences before writing them down; but for several years I have found that it saves time to scribble in a vile hand whole pages as quickly as I possibly can, contracting half the words, and then correct deliberately. Sentences thus scribbled down are often better ones than I could have written deliberately."

Elsewhere he says: "A man after a long interval can criticise his own work almost as well as if it were that of another person."

The passages concerning Darwin's æsthetic development, or rather retrogression, are of peculiar interest. Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, he said, poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, gave him great pleasure (he admits to having read through "The Excursion" twice, which must be almost a record feat); and even as a schoolboy he took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. He says also that pictures gave him considerable, and music very great, delight. At no time, however, did he have any ear for music. He tells that at Cambridge it was a form of amusement to set him an examination which consisted in ascertaining how many tunes he could recog-

nise when they were played rather more quickly or slowly than usual.

"But now [he continued; writing in 1881, when he was seventy-two] for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry; I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. Music generally sets me thinking too energetically on what I have been at work on, instead of giving me pleasure. I retain some taste for fine scenery, but it does not cause the exquisite delight which it formerly did."

A little later is a passage relating to the foregoing confession:

"This curious and lamentable loss of the higher æsthetic tastes is all the odder, as books on history, biographies, and travels (independently of any scientific facts which they may contain), and essays on all sorts of subjects, interest me as much as ever they did. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts; but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organised or better constituted than mine would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week, for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional parts of our nature."

There was, however, one form of artistic production which attracted him to the end. "On the other hand," he wrote, "novels which are works of the imagination, though not of a very high order, have been for years a wonderful relief and pleasure to me, and I often bless all novelists. A surprising number have been read aloud to me, and I like all if moderately good, and if they do not end unhappily—against which a law ought to be passed. A novel, according to my taste, does not come into the first class unless it contains some person whom one can thoroughly love, and if a pretty woman all the better." This is a sound view. It is perhaps well that Darwin did not live to see the lovable and pretty woman of fiction suffer the temporary eclipse from which happily she is just emerging again.

THE BOOK MARKET.

A LITERARY SAMPLE ROOM.

AN INTERVIEW.

IT must be nearly two years since I declined to believe in the existence of the Library Bureau. The rumour ran that a large room had been fitted up as a permanent exhibition of new books. You had only to drop in and pick up the latest novel, the latest book of essays, the latest biography, and, looking through it in perfect peace, decide whether you would walk on to your bookseller and buy the volume or go home and sneer at it. Now this seemed improbable on the face of it. Such con-

venience, I thought, had been revealed only in dreams to wealthy Socialists. And yet it was true. The Literary Bureau is as real as Bloomsbury-street, and as real as Mr. Cedric Chivers, who is neither a phantom nor a Socialist, but an active business man with a mission to surprise people.

"Do my eyes deceive me, Mr. Chivers?" I said, as my heels sank into the Turkey carpet of the Bureau, "or do I see shelves of books all around me arranged under their publishers' names?"

"That is so," said Mr. Chivers, with a smile.

"And this—this drawing-room—is open to the public?"

"Oh, dear, yes."

"And all these new books are to be looked at by any man?"

"They are here for that purpose."

"Mr. Chivers," I said, "I would not delude the public, and if I should write some account of our little talk I would wish to be scrupulous. Do I understand that a man who reads a review of a new book may drop in here later in the day to see and handle that book and decide between his love of literature and his fear of his wife? May the professional man to whom the question of giving a guinea for a technical book is a serious one come here and judge of its value by a leisurely inspection? Is the novel-reading young lady at liberty to come and make out a list of happy endings for her mother, and a list of dismal ones for herself?"

"Certainly."

"Then, Mr. Chivers, will you tell me the story of your life?"

Mr. Chivers did so, with suitable omissions. His experience of books is not of yesterday. As a bookbinder at Bath, where he still conducts a large bookbinding business by deputy, Mr. Chivers had learned much. In particular, he had invented a special strong bookbinding for public libraries, which I have not space to describe. Suffice it to remark that he now supplies it to three hundred and fifty institutions.

"It was in the interests of public libraries and not of the public," Mr. Chivers said, "that I started this Bureau. I found that provincial secretaries and librarians had no central source of information and no London house of call. I could already do much for them in a business way with my patent bookbinding, and also with library appliances. But I conceived the idea of a literary sample room, to which everyone concerned in bookbinding on a large scale could come and examine current literature with a view to purchase."

"And your method?"

"My method was to interest publishers in the scheme, which was to them an entire novelty, and induce them to hire shelf-room here to keep representative collections of their newest books upon the shelves. I agreed on my part to give every facility to librarians and the public—"

"And the public?"

"Yes, the publishers insisted on the public being made free of the exhibition, and I am now entirely in agreement with them on this point."

"Had you many difficulties with publishers?"

"Oh, yes. But Mr. John Murray, whom I first consulted, at once approved the scheme. Here is the stack of shelves filled with his publications. Messrs. Macmillan, Smith Elder, Heinemann, Osgood & Melville, Dent & Co., Ward, Lock & Co., the Cambridge University Press, and many others, soon took up the 'Bureau.' In some cases, of course, I was repulsed. One publisher laughed heartily when I explained my idea. The notion of giving the average man greater opportunity to hesitate in his book-buying struck him as too delicious."

"Well, but has the Bureau actually succeeded?"

"Yes, and no. After the first year I was sufficiently discouraged to propose abandoning it; but the publishers themselves encouraged me to keep it on. It is no profit to me; but then it is no essential part of my business. It would hurt me in no way to give it up to-morrow. On the other hand, I make it a matter of special interest, and I believe in its theory so thoroughly that I should like to see it carried out on a far more extensive scale. I would wish to see a permanent exhibition in which every, or nearly every, new book could be seen."

"But is not such an exhibition as yours open to abuse?"

"Mine, I can truly say, has never been abused by mere idle book-tasters. Of course, we should be down on any such trifling."

"Do you ever sell books?"

"Not under any circumstances. No entreaties would induce us to do so; and that is of the essence of our invitation to the public. People may come here to look at books in perfect freedom, and without incurring the smallest obligation."

"And do they come?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Simply because they do not know of the Bureau, which obviously I cannot afford to advertise. But it is becoming better known, and our number of promiscuous callers increases. I want it to increase. I want No. 10, Bloomsbury-street to be a house of call for the book-lover."

I said what I felt when I said it ought to be.

W. W.

ART.

THE New English Art Club is neither more nor less interesting than usual—that is, it remains the most interesting of all minor collections, but none the less its interest is not precisely various. As before, there is a tendency to promote some of the artistic qualities and to pay no heed to others. Of some of these others you do not so much as hear the name. For instance, in all that is said of "Blind Man's Buff," by Mr. Henry Tonks, there is no mention of its lack of the rare artistic quality of movement. The painter has a clever and rather delicate play of light, of colour, and of arrangement; the things that do not

play are the people engaged in blind man's buff. There is, indeed, a girl stooping almost double, as a player stoops to evade immediate hands, but she does it with the blind man at such a distance that she is clearly only pretending; and when you discover this you at once perceive that everybody is at a standstill. On the other hand, with a figure intended to be at a standstill, Mr. Tonks has succeeded well; "The Rent in the Gown" is a pleasant bit of work and presents easily the easy expression of quiet attention. "In a Malay Courtyard," by Mr. C. W. Furse, has extraordinary life; but its art is not supreme enough to make really decorative use of a grotesque subject.

One of the best things in the Gallery is the same painter's portrait of Mrs. Cane, well contained, well limited, and with some distinguished painting in the interesting head. The "Vanity Fair" of Mr. J. E. Christie is rather dull in motive but by no means dull in execution. It has life, and the faces of the crowd are those of different, distinct, separate creatures, well perceived, not generalised, and solidly painted. There is spirit in the poise and action of the figure of the bubble-blowing "vanity." The vivid work of M. Renoir is notable; it has more qualities at once than one finds generally in English work excited by "a movement." There are two or three portraits—one of them labelled with the names of flowers—that do no great honour to a gallery believed to be exclusive.

Among the landscapes, special and singular praise must be given to Mr. Arthur Tomson for a group of small pictures, full of science and simplicity—"October," "July," "August," and "Heifers." They have a fine quality of transparent deep light, and very beautiful drawing in the horses and cattle. Mr. Moffat Lindner's "Christchurch Bay" has a lovely brooding sunlight on white cliffs—a thing for which one owes a painter gratitude; and if he seems to have set this distance in too great state and space of blue, we think it to be excessive merely because the nearer plane of beach and water does not keep its flatness; the middle sea is level, but the very foreground goes rather uphill. None the less is this a beautiful picture. Mr. D. S. MacColl has a delicate, but rather timid-looking, harmony—"a green thought in a green shade." Mr. Bertram Priestman's "Harbour Mill" takes the eye by a noble look of height and light; his white round mill is lifted up and illuminated above a harmonious region of smoke and colour, barges and mingled water and land; the composition is admirable. In "Nine Barrow Down," by Mr. H. Goodall, the downs are fine and vigorous earth, the sky is rather hard atmosphere. "Off Spaniards Road" has Mr. H. Muhrman's sweet, strong, and luminous quality; and there are decision and the movement of living landscape in Mr. J. R. Henry's "Walmer," with its cloud-shadow. Of Mr. Wilson Steer's "Richmond Castle" it must be owned that he has produced a speaking—a rustling—likeness of the leaves of a little company of alder-trees; yet an ugly likeness. He seems to have tried how literally (with a little exaggeration) they could be painted.

A. M.

MUSIC.

JOHANNES BRAHMS.

THE greatest of German composers is dead, and thus one of the strongest links with the past has been broken. It is now more than forty years since Schumann proclaimed the genius of Brahms, then in the first flush of manhood; he declared him "one of the elect." Schumann was acquainted with the three pianoforte sonatas—the only three, by the way, which Brahms ever wrote—with the earliest songs, and also with some chamber music. The terrible calamity which brought to an untimely end, first the art-career, and then the life of the elder master and sympathetic friend, was nigh at hand, yet when he uttered that prophecy his judgment, as events have proved, was clear and keen. The youth not only became a great composer, but down to the day of his death maintained his supremacy. Brahms commenced his career at a critical moment. Wagner was announcing the close of an old, the dawn of a new, dispensation. According to him Beethoven in his Symphonies had said the last word in instrumental music, and the only hope of progress in the future lay in the combination of the arts. Brahms may not have paid much heed to the declarations of the reformer, but then were there not the Beethoven Symphonies, to say nothing of more recent works, in themselves sufficient to cool the ardour of the most ambitious! Genius, however, gives confidence, and the prophetic words of Schumann—words neither hastily nor carelessly spoken—must also have exercised a beneficial influence over Brahms. He ever worked onwards and upwards, and whatever one may think of his music, there is no gainsaying the fact that he lived entirely for his art; and if he was more prosperous in a worldly sense than either Schubert or Schumann it was because he had in his young and also in his later days better chances. He never wrote down to the level of the great public. Never, indeed, did he, in the ordinary sense of the term, become a popular composer.

The growth of interest in the music of Brahms has been slow, but steady. There was never really any violent opposition to him—except on the part of some fanatics who thought by disparaging him to exalt Wagner—for he propounded no new art theories. He clung to the lines on which his great predecessors had worked, and thus there was not anything specially to distinguish him from other earnest workers in the same field of art. There was, of course, his own individuality, though in a composer who lived, moved, and had his musical being in Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann that individuality was not always easy to detect. The influence particularly of Beethoven and Schubert clung to Brahms to the very last; he had no sham originality to keep up by out-of-the-way means, and therefore probably never sought to rid himself of influences from which he had received so much strength and inspiration.

In Schumann's music we have striking traces of his knowledge of, and affection for,

Beethoven, yet there is no dispute as to the originality of that composer. Neither ought there to be in the case of Brahms. Towards programme music the latter maintained an attitude almost hostile. He saw, perhaps even more clearly than Schumann, how certain composers, under very sanction of Beethoven's name, were dragging down the most ideal of arts to the lowest level of realism; and this may have rendered him a little too stern and unbending in regard to a branch of musical art reasonable enough within the safe limits of Beethoven's canon as laid down in his Pastoral Symphony.

The music of Brahms is sometimes spoken of as dry and obscure. The latter charge scarcely holds good; after patient study the most abstruse of his compositions becomes clear. Some certainly are dry: those, in fact, in which intellect predominates over emotion. Brain work is capable of demonstration; but though heart-throbs are only felt, they are none the less real. The impression made by music differs, however, according to the individual; hence the different appreciations one often hears of one and the same work.

It would prove unprofitable to name particular works which appear more or less weak in the matter of inspiration. Far better to recall the fine pianoforte Quartets and the magnificent Quintet, the noble first and second Symphonies, the Schicksalslied and the Requiem, all of which have won for Brahms undying fame. To these must be added the wonderful collection of songs by which the composer proved himself the legitimate successor of Schubert and Schumann.

M. LAMOUREUX and his orchestra, also the Bohemian Quartet, have recently shown us what a body of artists constantly practising together can accomplish. Yet, after all, the Joachim Quartet—MM. Joachim, Kruse, Wirth and Hausmann—seems to me still more wonderful. The associates of Dr. Joachim are accomplished performers, each capable of thinking and interpreting for himself. In surrendering their will to that of their chief they have not become mere servants scrupulously obeying all orders, but true associates, thinking, feeling and acting in union with Dr. Joachim, replicas, as it were, of his very self—these artists truly named the Joachim Quartet. Never has the distinguished violinist been heard in chamber music to greater advantage. On Monday evening, when the players made their second appearance, three Quartets were performed—Mozart in E flat, Brahms in A minor, and Beethoven in B flat (Op. 130). The rendering of the first was remarkable for its purity, delicacy and archness; the second for its tender charm and plaintiveness, the latter quality intensified, of course, by thoughts of the dead master, and by the special sympathy and reverence with which the interpreters naturally addressed themselves to their task; and the third for its intellectuality combined with deep emotion. There was no pianoforte solo, but Mme. Marchesi sang Lieder by Schubert, Brahms, and Schumann with immense success. The art in Schumann's "Die Zwei Grenadiere"

was, perhaps, somewhat overdone, yet the rendering proved effective, taking, however, into consideration that the song ought not really to be sung by a lady. Her reading of Bach's "Erbarme dich" lacked breadth; the solo violin part was played by Dr. Joachim.

Scenes from the Saga of King Olaf is the title of a work by Mr. Edward Elgar, written expressly for the Worcester Festival of last November. It was performed for the first time in London last Saturday afternoon, at the Crystal Palace. The composer, like many another musician, was intended for the law, and actually spent some time in a solicitor's office. Law, however, was soon deserted for music. *King Olaf* is a work of great promise. The composer is still in his storm and stress period, but his music shows dramatic power, imagination, clever technique, and excellent orchestration. The solo numbers are less successful than the choruses. The performance, under the direction of the composer, and with Miss M. Heuson and Messrs. Lloyd and A. Black as soloists, was very good. J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

IT has been a week of *Sturm und Drang* for the Chemical Society, and even now the Fellows of that august body must be feeling supremely foolish all round. First of all there is the Council, which, without much consideration of the consequences, allowed the nomination of Prof. Dewar as President to be sprung upon it. Then there is a large body of the Fellows, practically half, who attempted to run Prof. Ramsay as an opposition candidate, and failed. Then there are Profs. Dewar and Ramsay themselves, the one of whom must be smarting under the discovery of his enormous unpopularity, while the other can scarcely be relishing the difficult position in which his supporters have placed him. Finally, there is Prof. Armstrong, who, by a judiciously timed circular, assisted to force the issue in favour of Prof. Dewar, but whose action in so doing is by no means universally admired.

I HAPPEN to know a good deal about the origin of this unfortunate episode; and as nobody else seems inclined to state it, I may as well do so. It was not entirely a revolt of the juniors against the seniors, as Prof. Armstrong states in his philippic, though the mismanagement of the Society's publications may undoubtedly have given some ground for this idea. The opposition to the Fullerman Professor is of long standing, and has grown during the last few years. It began at Cambridge, where Prof. Dewar is now rarely seen, over a personal matter relating to the laboratory; and I should not have referred to this at all were it not that Cambridge antipathy was a good deal responsible for the rancour imparted to a later discussion (in *Nature*) on the respective claims of Prof. Dewar and Prof. Olszewski as discoverers of the method of liquefying oxygen. Controversies

of this kind breed opponents, even when the disputant holds so distinguished a post as Fullerman Professor of the Royal Institution. But there are other causes which I imagine have contributed even more to the action of Dr. Collie and the rest who opposed Prof. Dewar's election to the presidency of the Chemical Society. One of these has reference to the expert evidence matter related in last week's *Saturday Review*, and the other is the "cordite" case. The affair of the cordite committee was dealt with in some minuteness by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and as one who followed the action Nobel v. Anderson in court throughout, and saw the whole of the papers produced in the case, I am not surprised that a large section of British men of science should object to the lines on which that committee worked, even though its legal position was unassailable. There is no need to revive the story, which is practically all in print; but if jubilee honours are likely to be distributed among the heads of the scientific societies during the coming year, I foresee that this explosive question will be brought into prominence once more, to the disadvantage of all those who were concerned with it.

It has taken the Duke of Argyll four months and two barrels to dispose of Mr. Spencer's article in the November *Nineteenth Century*. Moreover, his Grace's gun is a very large bore. Mr. Spencer's article itself was a reply to the remarkable gospel of evolution as set forth by Lord Salisbury at the British Association. In his gentlest but firmest manner the philosopher led the statesman over the various errors into which he had allowed himself to fall, and his remonstrance was a masterpiece of well-ordered, logical arrangement. By means of four great groups of facts, all converging to the same conclusion, the joint significance of which is enormous as compared with the significance of each one independently, he traced the main argument in favour of evolution as a process dispensing with special creation. He then showed how far Lord Salisbury had been from apprehending correctly either the facts of natural selection or the words of Darwin who expounded it, and ended by explaining, with a gravity that made the error itself more amusing, that Lord Salisbury had confounded natural selection with the more general theory of evolution, the part with the whole, the by no means indispensable adjunct with the great principle which could easily afford to discard it.

INTO this error the Duke of Argyll seems to have plunged afresh. In fact, it seems impossible for the adherents of the special creation theory to avoid it. In his first instalment he speaks of "that particular theory of evolution which was Darwin's, or that modification of it which was his (Mr. Spencer's) own." The whole article harps upon the one minor theme of specific development in the animal kingdom, ignoring everything else that is included in the term evolution. Most people, I imagine, feel it rather late in the day to be wrangling over the historical accuracy of the Book of Genesis, and would prefer even to accept the fact that life once came into the world with-

out trying to explain the method. Not so the Duke of Argyll. He has invented a new theory which is not Darwin nor yet Genesis, but a mixture of both. It is that five germs were specially created to be the ancestors of the vertebrates, the molluscs, the crustacea, the radiata, and the insects respectively. He does not tell us whether these were the names that Adam gave to them, nor what they looked like, but that is essentially his idea. It does not help us much.

H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LANDSCAPE IN POETRY.

I should be obliged if space may be allowed me to clear up a little ambiguity which the writer of the very kindly notice of my *Landscape in Poetry*, and others elsewhere, seem to feel as to the limitation of the non-English (or, rather, non-British) poems included. The scheme of the book, both for the sake of unity in subject and to avoid undue length, was to deal only with those foreign literatures, ancient and modern, which have directly and notably influenced our own poets. This I ought to have expressed more clearly on p. vii. of the Preface; and (not to speak of Oriental or Scandinavian verse in earlier days) to have introduced modern French, German, Italian, or Portuguese landscape, would not only have required (as your reviewer remarks of French) another volume, but would also have involved an amount of English prose rendering at once methinks equally inevitable and intolerable.

I have, however, as has been justly pointed out by some critics, in the case of English seventeenth and eighteenth century work relied too much on its familiarity to readers. Meanwhile, reverting to your notice, as two-fifths of the whole volume are devoted to the nineteenth century, rich as it is in our landscape, may not this be accepted as an adequate allowance?

F. T. PALGRAVE.

THE LITERATURE OF SPORT.

Dresden: March 27.

In your recent review of the last volume of the "Badminton Library" dealing with the *Poetry of Sport*, by Mr. Hedley Peek, the author's want of editorial and technical care is criticised. As one interested in the literature of sport—past and present—I venture to express the opinion that severer censure should have marked the numerous grave inaccuracies to be found not only in that book, but in several articles on much the same subject by the same author which have appeared of late in the *Badminton Magazine*. Mr. Peek's nescience concerning such a generally known bibliographical fact, i.e., that Turberville's hunting-book—which, by the way, was published in 1575, and not in 1570, as he asserts on pp. 23 and 24—does not describe English hunting, but French sport leads Mr. Peek to draw many absolutely wrong deductions concerning (a) English hunting customs, (b) the authorship of certain poetry which he ascribes to English writers, (c) the chase, and (d) the habits of animals which were either not hunted at all in England, such as the wolf, bear, "buc," &c., or which had long ceased to exist in a wild state in British forests, such as the wild boar. As the following errors prove, Mr. Peek has no very extensive acquaintance with the literature of his subject. On p. 38, in a poem by Gascoigne, occurs the well-known term of venery "harboured fast," which Mr. Peek says means "set

watchers." On p. 22 he states that the huntsmen of old did not seem to trouble themselves about their hounds frequently changing the scent; a ridiculous assertion, as anyone must know who has dipped into the old authors. To nothing did the sportsmen of old lend more weight than to the staunchness of their hounds. In speaking of the German written in the latter half of the last century, he declares it to be obscure old German, a mistake which makes one smile, for, excepting a few orthographical changes, the German language is practically the same as it was 150 years ago. This error he repeats in the *Badminton Magazine* of last month, in an article which professes to describe "battue-hunting." This form of sport, as he describes it, never existed in any country at any period of history, for in his ignorance of old German and French hunting customs he mixes up battues, pürschen or stalking, deer-baiting, and the latter form of *eingestelltes Jagen*, a fashionable sport of the last century. He illustrates this article with engravings picked quite at random from the hundreds of sporting subjects produced by the famous German artist Ridinger, and by this heterogeneous hodge-podge of incorrect text and unsuitable illustrations only adds to the perplexing confusion of the various hunting methods. Of the last-named artist he declares (p. 311) that he has vainly tried to discover authentic information, "the man himself and his sporting history are wrapped in a cloud, none the less obscure by the old German of the period." No more ridiculously incorrect statement was ever put into print. No fewer than seventeen writers I can name have written at length about Ridinger, and there exists no less than four biographies of him. Two were written during his lifetime, one being annotated and signed by Ridinger himself, another was published by his sons soon after his death, which occurred only in 1767, and the fourth, published in 1856, contains not only a detailed account of his life, but on 300 octavo pages a full list is given of no fewer than 1,313 of his works. There is nothing whatever obscure about Ridinger's career from the day of his birth and his being apprenticed, at the age of fourteen, to the master-painter Resch, to the day of his death. Curiously enough the chief bit of information Mr. Peek does give about him, i.e. that he was a hunter at one time of his life, his biographers expressly state is entirely wrong (see Thienemann, p. xiv.). Mr. Peek acknowledges that though he writes on hunting in Germany he does not know German; those who have scanned his *Poetry of Sport* will hardly need this confession, for in the only German quotation I could find (p. 253) in that volume, consisting of six of the simplest words in the language, there are no fewer than three mistakes—a record!

Considering that Mr. Peek from beginning to end never tires of calling himself a student and an ardent lover of accuracy, productions on this subject by his pen can only tend to make English research ludicrous in the eyes of our foreign critics, who, as a rule, are exceedingly well up in old sporting lore.

W. A. BAILLIE GROHMAN.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Mr. Anthony
Hope's
"Phroso."
(Methuen.)

A STORY of adventure, "every page of which," says the *Speaker*, "is palpitating with action and excitement," and containing "some of the best sketches of character that even his pen has yet produced. . . . Side by side with the record of stirring deeds . . . we see how characters reveal themselves, and how real men and women act under circumstances which are

the reverse of commonplace." But hear Mr. W. L. Courtney: "They weary one sometimes, these puppets of superficial romance, that look as if they had been cut out of a fashion-plate and dressed to go to a fancy ball." Yet "the idea of the plot is so good and freshly original that we enter upon its perusal with no small measure of excitement and interest." With which compare the *Morning Post*: "The motive of Mr. Hope's story has done duty in a hundred novels." But he has never been more successful "in investing the dry bones of the novel of adventure with the life of a fresh and captivating style." Except Fielding no English novelist has recognised so fully "that the finest hero is not absolutely *sans peur et sans reproche*, and that the most delightful heroine is not entirely devoid of guile." The style, according to the *Daily News*, has the same "sparkle and buoyancy" as that of the *Prisoner of Zenda*. The *Pall Mall* complains that, in the second part, "adventure follows adventure somewhat mechanically, and with a suggestion that the author must have asked himself which he should throw in next." On the other hand, "Mr. Hope's pleasant style of narrative is as good as ever, less artificial than the *Prisoner of Zenda*, and always clear and to the point." "This . . . novel of adventure," writes the *Manchester Guardian*, "is distinguished by a quiet irony, lively but unpretentious dialogue, and the presence of a charming heroine."

"The Massacres." By Ouida. (Sampson Low.)
". . . OUIDA's imagination is so rapid, and under the stimulus of first impressions creates for her so vivid a landscape, that her first impressions transfigured often take for her the place of reality." Hence, in spite of the "temperate style" which marks the execution, the "singular skill" with which many of the characters are drawn, in spite of "situations dramatic in the highest degree," "it is more likely to do harm by misleading the general public than to do good by castigating a section of the world of fashion": for "the individuals in question, though they may be notorious, are not typical." So the *National Observer*. In the *Telegraph*, Mr. Courtney contrasts the book with those of an age in which "the chief preoccupation seems to be either the illustration of eccentric points of psychology or the enforcement of a dubious piece of ethics"; and is thankful "when a practised novelist, with no little experience, and with admirable technique, brings us back to older conceptions of her art—is able, in short, to compose a plot instead of giving us a disjointed series of didactic essays." For its abnormal length the *Chronicle* can find no excuse, since "the irrelevant padding . . . is only less flagrant than the barefaced repetition. . . . The sister of Lord Hurstmancaux certainly ranks high in Ouida's gallery of bad women. . . . The blunder which places her at the mercy of the millionaire and enables him to reduce her to the lowest depth of infamy makes the one simple and powerful episode in a story that is surcharged with exaggeration."

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